

THE DEBATER



WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

CAROLYN M. REAMS

Mérode

SUN SUITS



This is not a bathing suit—but a correctly designed garment to give children the benefit of sunshine and fresh air. Physicians endorse this type of garment because it is sensible, sanitary and healthful. Parents recognize the common sense principles embodied in it.

Children want it because it gives them the freedom and comfort which their growing bodies and young energies demand.

In the water, out of the water, anywhere and everywhere — children this summer will wear sun suits from sunrise to sunset. A fad, yes —sweeping from coast to coast. At the beach or under the lawn sprinkler. More than a fad because sun suits are sensible.

MERODE 2405-S Sun Suit is the right kind—to fit, to wear, to look well and to give real value for the prices.

WINSHIP, BOIT & COMPANY

Retail Store

LAKE STREET

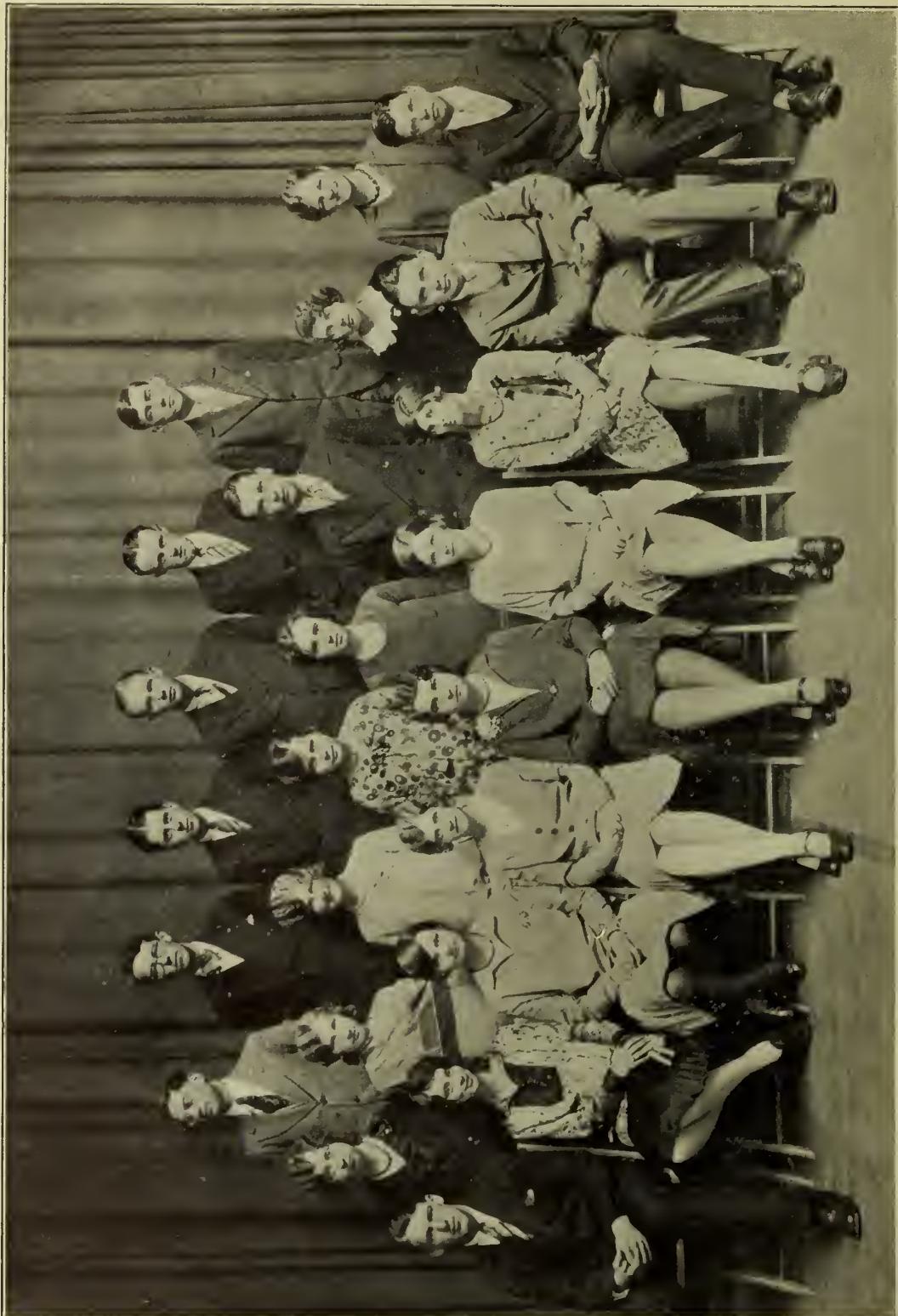
WAKEFIELD, MASS.

A very faint, large watermark-like image of a classical building with four prominent columns and a triangular pediment occupies the background of the page.

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DEBATER STAFF
Back Row, left to right—Harry Fine, Horace Pratt, Wilfred McDonald, Malcolm Ball, John Mahoney, Carl Vik
Middle Row—Ethel Garden, Dorothy Hartley, Dorothy Spear, Winifred Killoran, Eleanor McGonagle, Frederick Chambers,
Marjorie Reed, Florence Reardon
Front Row—William Walsh, Carolyn Reams, Dorothy Russ, Elsie Thrush, Irene Connors, Winifred Tighe, Maybelle Nute,
David Barry, David Dutton



The Wakefield High School Debater

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

WAKEFIELD, MASS.

JUNE, 1929



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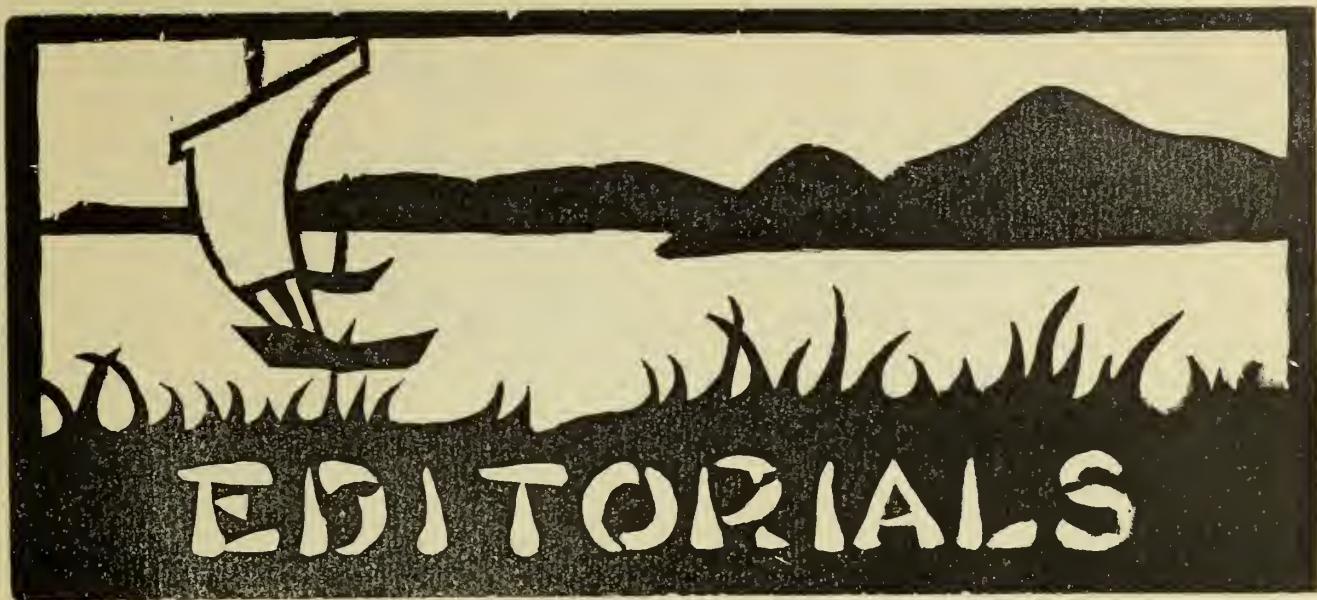
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Dedication

This issue of THE DEBATER is respectfully dedicated to Principal Charles J. Peterson, in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of his service in Wakefield High School.



Irene Connors, '29

IN APPRECIATION OF SERVICES

THE DEBATER STAFF welcomes this opportunity to thank those who have in any way contributed to the success of this edition. To our faculty advisers, to the classmates who have typed our work for the press, and to the students who have so willingly submitted material for the magazine we are especially indebted.

OUR POLICY

Once more THE DEBATER is presented for the benefit and the enjoyment of its readers. This year's staff has endeavored to maintain the excellency of past issues and to vary the contents without detracting from the quality. Our aim has been to include representative work of all classes. We regret that lack of space prevents us from publishing additional material. However, we have tried to exercise our selective powers in such a way that the pupils of Wakefield High School can feel that THE DEBATER is their magazine.

Irene Connors, '29.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

In behalf of the Senior Class of the Wakefield High School, we wish to thank our subscribers for their financial aid which has made possible this issue of THE DEBATER.

Dorothy Hartley, '29

Harry Fine, '29

Subscription Editors.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

The financial success of any magazine is largely dependent upon its advertisements. With this fact in mind, THE DEBATER STAFF expresses its sincere appreciation of your generous support.

Frederick Chambers, '29,

Business Manager.

David Barry, '29,

Assistant Manager.

THE THREE C'S

In the great School of Life there are three C's which are just as important to us as the three R's of education. These essential C's may, however, be developed in connection with the three R's, and each will be strengthened by its contact with the other.

The appropriate time to promote the C's is in the High School. Here, there are those who are beginning to think seriously and to realize that life offers many problems, in the solving of which we shall need all the background possible.

The first C is **character**, a necessity for human advancement. A man acquires character, and then he strives to keep himself and his actions as pure as he can. There are many qualities which may be regarded as such points of character, all of which combined make an extremely strong moral background. The more dominant of these forces are truth, courage,—moral and ethical—excellence, and the spirit of self-sacrifice. It is not an easy matter to develop any of these; yet is there abiding satisfaction from those activities which require little work?

The second C is **culture**, a rather abstract term. It is, nevertheless, a most necessary and satisfying factor. The dictionary conception of culture is "the enlightenment and discipline acquired by mental and moral training." Therefore, culture is a more or less voluntary acquisition; that is, the person acquiring culture usually does so through a desire of his own or because of an awakening to, and a realization of, a certain emptiness in his present life. The strong sense of refinement and consequent self-confidence is enough to justify working for a cultural background.

The third and last C is one which is easy enough to obtain, but which few persons consider seriously enough to attain—**CITIZENSHIP**. The High School is an ideal place to advance the cause of citizenship because of its existing spirit of democracy. As a Harvard mind has expressed it, "Democracy is that form of government which gives everyone a chance to do his best for the good of all." If this thought of having a democratic spirit pervading High

School is emphasized, the effect will be so instilled in the minds of the students that later they will see the wisdom of such a course. Continually our citizenship is being tested in scores of ways, and the outcome of the test depends on our ability to put others before ourselves. We owe allegiance to our nation and the world; the manner in which this allegiance may be fulfilled is by demonstrating patriotism and by placing general welfare first.

Now that we have character, culture, and citizenship as the **THREE C's**, what are we going to do with them? Each is vitally necessary; one begins where the other ends. All are challenges to the youth of today to progress and to succeed. Shall WE accept the challenge?

Maybelle Nute, '29.

ASSEMBLIES

In the true sense of the word, what do assemblies mean? Above all, they should mean the promotion of a truer school spirit among the students of Wakefield High. With the present crowded conditions, it is possible to have the entire student body assembled only occasionally; therefore at such times ought not a desire to uphold our reputation and to profit by the message of the gathering enter into the mind of each and every one of us?

Often we are privileged to hear representatives of different colleges tell the advantages their institutions can offer in preparation for life. By these talks we are helped to decide which college can give us the best instruction for our life work. Again we may enjoy an illustrated lecture on a foreign land, or on the production and manufacture of some home article. Should we not regard these lectures as one method of self-education? Should they not be respected and revered by the students?

In the holiday seasons, school talent frequently comprises the program; and at these times there should arise in our hearts a deeper feeling of friendship for our classmates who have done their part, no matter how great or small, to make the period more interesting. These are the occasions when we may widen our circle of acquaintances and help Wakefield High to gain the name of "a school in which the students work as one person striving for the betterment of its standards."

Winifred M. Tighe, '29.

IDEALS—AND YOU!

"You are today where your thoughts have brought you!" Then, how far are you, I wonder? Have you kept in your mind a cherished ideal, and carefully and lovingly worked for its attainment? Or have you merely sat back and said, "I'd like to be this," or "I'd like to do that?" If you have chosen the last method, it is time for you to act.

The man who discovered this country—Christopher Columbus—said, "Sail on! and on!—and on!" And we, four hundred and thirty-seven years after that time, can still apply his words to our own daily life and ideals. You may not have as much money as your neighbors; you may seemingly have a harder time than your friends. But there is one thing in which you share equally—and that element is TIME. Money cannot buy more than twenty-four hours in one day, and your allotment equals theirs. The use of this precious asset is your responsibility.

There is no use in saying, "I'll do this when I have more time," for you will never have any more time than you

possess now. Your twenty-four hours come and go—come and go—and when they are gone, how many of them do you regret?

James Allan said, "You will realize the vision, (not the idle wish) of your heart, be it base or beautiful, or a mixture of both, for you will always gravitate toward that which you, secretly, most love. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration."

Then what is your highest ideal? And what is your lowest desire?

Now—what are you?

Elsie Thrush, '29.

AFTER FOUR YEARS

What thoughts come to us when we, as Seniors in Wakefield High School, think of the past four years?

Uppermost is the feeling of gratitude for educational opportunities. Our school has given us many cultural advantages. We have had kind, efficient, and helpful teachers, varied extra-curricular activities, and a splendidly equipped building. At times we have thought that we were overworked. But now that the intriguing future looms ahead, we realize that an admirable combination of work and play has been our good fortune.

As we prepare to leave our happy environment of the past four years, we do so with a feeling of regret, accompanied by abiding affection for our Alma Mater.

Dorothy Russ, '29.

THE HONOR ROLL

Since 1919, the honor roll has been a bi-monthly attraction at our high school. It does not, therefore, seem fitting to let the tenth anniversary of this popular feature pass by unheeded. Then, too, in so commemorating the honor roll, we also commemorate the tenth anniversary of Mr. Peterson's principalship in Wakefield High School. Incidentally, our principal conceived the idea of establishing the honor roll as a furtherance of good scholarship and as a means of reward to those who earned it.

The honor roll has been a great factor in raising the standard of our school, chiefly by promoting good scholarship. The publishing of the list of honor pupils in our local daily paper and on the bulletin boards in our school is a decided incentive for pupils to study. There is a certain element of pride in having one's name appear in such a list. Furthermore, what has been done once can be done again; hence, the diligent efforts to have one's name listed at the next publication.

Just a word of encouragement to the pupil who, through some mischance, has not yet had the pleasure of seeing his name on the honor roll. That old saying of "Try, try again," though not especially encouraging, is certainly helpful, for we know that earnest efforts will sometime be rewarded by a place on the honor roll.

Irene Connors, '29.

TIME

Time, the never-ending thing!

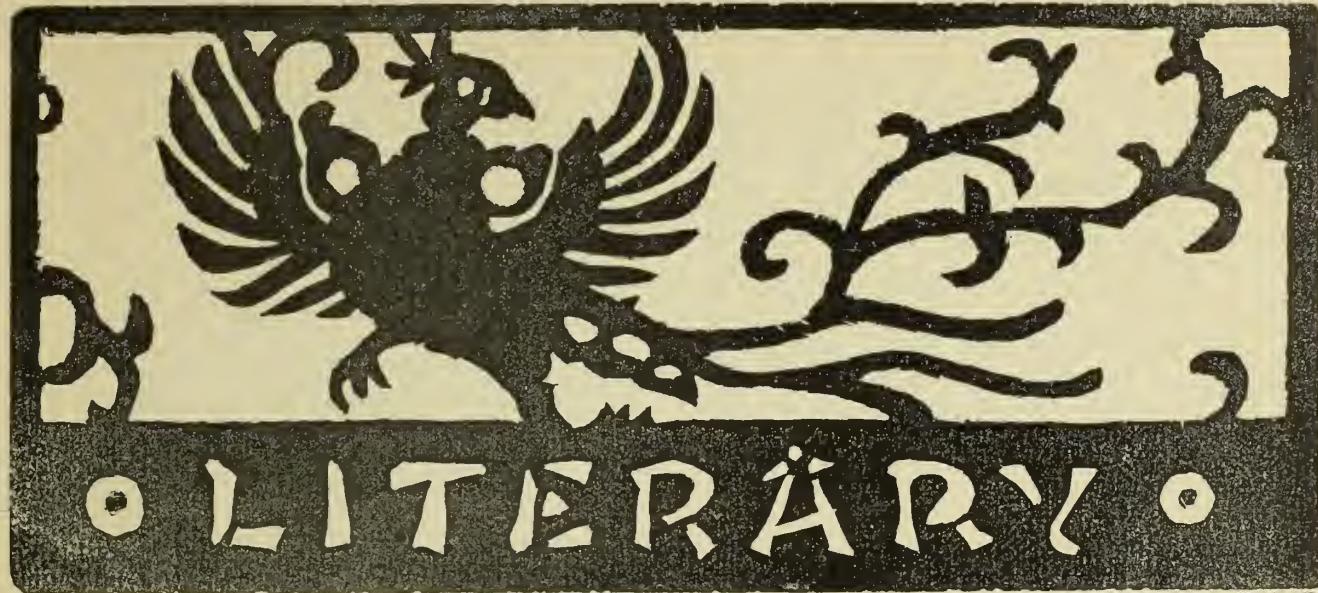
Time, and all we make it bring!

Time is what we make of it;

Our lives are at stake of it—

Time, the never-ending thing!

Albert Ghibellini, '29



Marion Hoyt, '29

COULD HE?

Flags fluttered leisurely in the warm spring air. The massive stands filled slowly with gaily clad humanity. The babel of voices arose in a steady hum, which drifted through the open window of the dressing room, where knots of anxious track and field athletes awaited the word of their coaches before entering the field. Some tried to laugh and joke, but for the most part, they talked in infrequent, hushed syllables, or listened to the final instructions of their coaches.

In the latter group we find Henry Taylor and his chums from Eaton College. Their main hope in the quarter mile, Richard Ellesworth, was taken sick two days before the meet, and was not able to run. Henry was the only other entrant in this event. He was but a second-class runner, one the coach did not have much hope in. During the short time allotted, the coach was giving some few, final instructions. Henry listened with diverted attention. His eyes were on the stands outside; he nervously clasped and unclasped his hands. The coach was saying, "You have nothing to be nervous about, just keep your head cool." Yes, but how could he with all that mass of people looking at him? When the coach's words again came to him, he was saying, "All you have to do is to step out there and do your darndest!"

"And he can do it, too," said one of his school friends, slapping him vigorously on the back.

"Yes, but can I?" Henry muttered.

Just then there was a stir in the dressing room and the knots dissolved as the sprinters for the short dashes went out. The crowd roared its welcome to them, redoubling Henry's nervousness. This was his big chance. Could he make good? Could he face that crowd and run against the finest competition in the East?

He forgot his nervousness in part, as he watched the sprinting trials. Then, he heard the coach call him. With fear gripping him and his heart in his mouth, he responded to the summons. The crucial moment had arrived, and with a group of other runners he left the dressing room, for the chute, with trembling knees. He stripped off his sweater with the rest, and limbered up. The crowd frightened him,

despite all the coach had said. The cheering fell suddenly, as the whistle sounded for the line-up in the quarter. Henry adjusted his number, cleaned his spikes, and dug his holes mechanically. The silence was more oppressive than had been the cheering. On his left he noticed a well-proportioned, powerfully built runner, who was cool and collected. His movements were sure and deliberate. By his red-lettered jersey, Henry knew he was the famous Charles Robinson, picked to win this event. His look of superiority and confidence suddenly aroused antipathy in Henry. He would show this fellow what a real runner could do. But could he?

"On your mark!" Henry came out of his reverie and crouched on his knees at the starter's crisp command.

"Get set!" barked the starter. Up came the runners in unison, and held tense in the set position for the gun.

Bang! They were off! Henry made a slow start, and for the first few yards lagged behind the last group of runners. He noticed the excited crowds, and it made him falter.

Then he remembered his duty, and, pulling himself together, he sprinted harder and caught up with the slower group, passed it, and headed for the next. It seemed that the faster he ran the faster they ran. He forgot the stands. His eyes were fixed on the forms ahead, his mind on his running. They were going exceptionally fast for a quarter mile, but he had to run faster. He had to catch that self-confident Robinson, whom he could see leading the field, with long, easy strides.

He cut down one man. Now he was in fourth place. They neared the turn. His breath was coming fast and hard now. His heart was pounding wildly. His legs were wearying. How could he keep it up? But he must. He fought harder; he was in third place now. The man in front was faltering. They were on the home stretch now. He did not hear the frenzied mob in the stands. His vision was blurred, his throat burned, his lungs were crying for relief from the terrific strain they were undergoing. His legs became heavy. His muscles seemed to refuse to work. But they must function! Ah, he was in second place now. There was the tape just ahead, but oh, how far away it seemed.

How long it took to gain on it. It seemed as though he had been running for hours. But he must go on. He had to catch that straining form ahead of him and pass it before he reached the tape. He lunged forward, every last drop of energy put into that final desperate sprint. He closed on the leader. There was the tape—he must get to it first. He was beside his opponent now. A white line flashed under his feet, something snapped on his chest, he staggered, stopped, and fell exhausted into the arms of his coach. The world went suddenly into a great swirl — then everything went black.

Looking up bewilderingly, some minutes later, from the dressing table, Henry asked in a hoarse, faint voice, "I beat him, didn't I?" Then noticing how the crowd had grown wild and furious he added, "What's all the noise about?"

The group about him laughed triumphantly.

"About you," said the coach. "You beat him all right, with a college record t'boot!"

Lloyd N. Owen, '30.

OUR FIRST BROADCASTING EXPERIENCE

It was sometime in the early part of last November that we had the pleasure of broadcasting. At that time my chums and I were playing with a dance orchestra called the WLEX Minute Men. Since the broadcasting was new to us, we awaited that Tuesday night with some anxiety.

The Lexington Station is in the woods. On the outside it appears to be an ordinary house, but there is a sign that says, LEXINGTON AIR STATION, WLEX. We went in, took off our coats, and were then sent upstairs to a room where we found the rest of our friends. The stairs and the hall were padded with a thick rubber tubing to prevent any noise and any echoing of the sounds.

We were greeted by the manager, who led the way to the studio. The room was quite long but not very wide. The walls were richly covered with oriental designs. On one side of the room was a large baby-grand piano, a couch, and a television machine. On the other side was a desk at which the announcer sat. Hanging from the ceiling in front of him was a long pipe, which he struck whenever he wanted silence. Beside the desk there was a small telephone which was connected with the studio upstairs. Instead of having a bell, it had a small bulb which flashed as a signal of attention. On the announcer's desk was a small microphone. The floor was covered with a very thick carpet.

We were given very heavy, high-backed chairs. At 10:15 the announcer said, "Are you all ready, now?" There was a chorus of assenting voices followed by silence. The announcer then turned a switch on the desk which put his "mike" into operation.

"This is WLEX at Lexington; the Minute Men are here to play their hour of dance music for you. The boys were a little late tonight. I'll tell you, one of the motors froze on the way over here, but everything is all right now. They are all standing around here getting thawed out. The first number they will play for you tonight is 'Happy Days and Lonely Nights'."

After we had played that piece, everyone kept quiet. This time the announcer turned two switches. One shut off the "mikes" on the floor from which our program was going, and the other turned on his.

"This is WLEX at Lexington. You have been listening

to the WLEX Minute Men. The next number is 'Shout Hallelujah! 'Cause I'm Home'."

We completed this number most successfully.

Again came the announcer: "This is the voice of the Minute Men at Lexington. Now, folks, Ted is sitting right here beside me; of course, you all know Ted. He is the one who makes so much noise over there with 'Ted and His Gang'. Here you go, Ted."

"All right, Jerry. Well, now folks, this is Ted over at WLEX. You see I am the announcer over to WNAC, and Jerry, my friend, is the announcer here at WLEX. I am going to watch Jerry because you know since I had that accident I haven't had a car and I have to rely on Jerry for transportation. Now the boys are going to play a little waltz for you — 'Marie'." After this selection had been played, Ted again handled affairs.

"I don't know the trouble, but two of the fellows were having an argument here. They were going at it pretty strong when one of them turned around, and, do you know what he said? He said, 'Don't be like that'. That's the next number, folks: 'Don't Be Like That'."

"Station WLEX at Lexington. That thumping you heard was just the boys bouncing their feet up and down. Some beat two-four time, some six-eight time and there is one fellow that blows one of those big pipes that they call a saxophone. He wanted to get up and jump on the floor, but they held him down. Have you ever been down where the sun goes down? The Minute Men will take you there in their next number: 'Down Where the Sun Goes Down'."

"Now folks, that concludes the program presented to you by the WLEX Minute Men. The boys are playing for the Groton High School Junior Prom, and anyone who would like to hear them may do so there, next Friday. Send all your requests to M. Guy Kithedge, care of Station WLEX, and you will be sure to have them played for you. Kindly stand by for station announcements."

It was all over, and we went home quite pleased with our engagement to appear there every Thursday evening.

Herbert Pinto, '30.

SHELTER

Clouds, low and gray, scud across a silent, cold sky, that occasionally shows the light of a frightened star or of the freezing white moon. The wind adds more swift and cold whistling sounds to frighten further the little star and many of its human brothers on the dark shadowy earth. Sudden silence; and then another gust of wind brings with it a flurry of hard snow.

A traveler, struggling across the moor, buffeted by the rising wind and the sharp sleet, sees in the distance a solitary house. He fights onward, over the treacherous marshland to a rocky hummock on which the tortuous path is barely marked. He mutters as he stumbles over the loose stones. Shelter must be found before the extreme blackness to the north overwhelms him with its accompanying blizzard. The path slopes sharply down, coming to a marshy, stagnant pond, which it seems to enter. On either side wild sage-brush blocks a detour. Onward, he pushes through the pond with its chilling water seeping in, while the wind becomes more insistent, more foreboding. The next hillock gives a nearer view of the deserted house, which seems more ghostly with its background of driving gray snow. Forward again!

Ah! Shelter is near at hand. The wind, raising itself in

fury as if to have a last crushing blow at that weak human being about to escape its clutches, howls and wails as the traveler is driven into the heaven-sent shelter. Inside, the house creaks and sways like a ship at sea under the impact of the wind. The weary and cold traveler, lighting his way with a match that flickers and almost dies, finds enough wood to start a tiny fire in the rickety fireplace. Under careful ministrations the flame grows, and finally a roar and a crackle drive off the cold and loneliness until dawn.

Donald Winkler, '29.

THE ATLANTIC

I am the mighty Atlantic. My waters extend for thousands of miles. I glisten in the sun, and at night the moon watches over me. Men hate me when I am angry, because I sink their ships and send them to their deaths. My mountainous waves beat against the sturdy lighthouses which guide the ships.

Many attempts have been made to span my great depths by air. But alas, a great number of brave men were forced down and swallowed. Until recently very few had succeeded, but in 1927 a small silver monoplane arose from the east. The winds blew hard; snow, sleet, and rain fell, but the sturdy little plane bore onward. It was the first time I had been conquered by a single man.

George Wengen, '32.

1896—AVIATION—1929

"If an eagle, which is heavier than air, can fly, why can't man fly if we invent the proper wings?" This question was asked by scientists who knew the properties of air. It was answered and ridiculed because people thought that only balloons could stay in the air. Men then began to experiment with box kites and gliders. Professor Langley invented a sixteen-foot model, propelled by a steam engine, and it flew for one minute and a half, covering half a mile. A few years later, he made a machine capable of carrying a man. This machine crashed into a river and indirectly forced Langley to abandon his plans.

While newspaper men were still making fun of a heavier-than-air airplane, Wilbur Wright successfully flew his machine, a gasoline-driven engine, and rose eight hundred feet in fifty-nine seconds. For five years, the Wright Brothers carried on in America, and their machines were sensations, but since they received no help from our government they went to France.

People who think that air-cooled motors are new are mistaken, for they were invented in the early days of aviation, but the stationary motor proved the better then.

When only nine years old, the airplane was thrust into the World War and was a success. Germany then had the best airplanes, with France next. All types were improved upon during the war, and large bombing planes were effectively used.

After the war, commercial aviation developed and progressed. The air mail and the air travel hastened this progress. Longer flights were made, and in 1919 the NC-4 flew from New York to Lisbon, stopping at Newfoundland, and at the Azores. Then came Lindbergh's sensational flight across the Atlantic, and a few weeks ago, the Question Mark's endurance flight of one hundred and fifty hours, with perfected air-cooled motors. What next!

Raymond Amiro, '31.

VOLPONE

A Review

"Volpone, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
Offers his state to hopes of several heirs,
Lies languishing; his parasite receives
Presents of all, assures, deludes, then weaves
Other cross plots, which one themselves are told,
New tricks for safety are sought; they thrive, when bold,
Each tempts the other again, and all are sold,"

—Ben Jonson

There in the renowned Ben Jonson's own words do we have the briefest sketch of VOLPONE, the most sardonic, cynical farce that it has been my lot to see. It derisively expresses the fact that money can buy anything.

Volpone (the Fox), a withered, crabbed, and thoroughly disgusting old man, is a rich merchant of Venice at the time of the Renaissance. He conceives the rather brilliant idea of feigning sickness in order to receive gifts from his "friends," who in return, are looking forward with ill-concealed joy to the time of his death, when they hope to be substantially remembered in his will.

Mosca (the Gad-fly), Volpone's slave, jester, and concocter of the nefarious schemes to gain gifts from Volpone's "friends," bears no love for his master and serves him only under compulsion.

Volpone's "friends," three in number, solicitous of his welfare, vie with each other to gain his favor. For money, one sacrifices his wife; for money, one disinherits his only son, making his will in favor of the supposedly dying Volpone in the hope that the latter will return the favor; for money, one forsakes his principles and gives false testimony,—while the wily Volpone chuckles and places their gifts among his already well-filled jewel and money casks.

Having been almost caught in his activities of draining the three victims, Volpone must needs stop. However, he conceives what he considers his grand coup, a crowning achievement; he makes his will leaving everything to Mosca, his brilliant though unwilling ally, despiser of wealth, of Volpone, and of all hypocrites; then he pretends to be dead. Thus Volpone can see the wild chagrin, rage, and disappointment when his will is read. But the disinherited son, directly after the reading of the will, kills Volpone, leaving Mosca in possession of the fortune and free from suspicion. What does the latter do with it? With the air of a bacchanalian reveler he literally scatters it to the four winds. Strange as it may seem, one derives satisfaction from this ending and is glad that Mosca did not keep the fortune and live wealthy ever after.

After the first scene, in which the trend of the story is slightly obscure, the action moves rapidly forward and not a dull moment is felt. The costumes, lighting effects, and expert interpretation of their parts by the Theatre Guild Players of New York leave no room for criticism. The acting of the part of Mosca by Earle Larimore of the above-mentioned company is especially to be commended.

The comedy, VOLPONE, is essentially a comedy of manners, and coming before Shakespeare's works, differs from most of them in this respect. Ben Jonson, the original author of the play, wrote also the song, DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES, and is famous for his epitaph written by William Shakespeare—O RARE BEN JONSON,

over which there has been much controversy of late. Some persons claim that Shakespeare meant O and RARE to be one Latin word, *orare*,—causing the inscription to read, PRAY FOR BEN JONSON.

Please excuse the digression. The play has been literally resurrected during the last few years and has been revised by Stevan Zweig, thus making it more acceptable to a modern audience.

If, bored reader, you wish to attend a racy, sardonic, thoroughly amusing comedy depicting a human frailty as strong now as in the sixteenth century when it was written, see VOLPONE.

Norman Balcom, '30.

"THE SOUL OF AN IMMIGRANT"

By Constantine M. Panunzio

This inspiring book is the autobiography of a young Italian, who, at a very early age, left his home in Malfetta in sunny Italy to answer the luring call of the sea. However, the sea soon lost its attractiveness, and when the transport on which he was a sailor docked at Boston en route to South America, he secretly escaped from it.

In Boston, he failed to find the qualities which he had heard boasted in Italy. Penniless, he had no place where he could eat and sleep. After living on bread for several days, he and another man joined a gang working with pick and shovel. This was not the work for Panunzio. He next worked in a lumber camp. Here he was ensnared into peonage, but he escaped when he became aware of the fact. After that, he worked on farms for various men who proved very unkind to him. Twice, although innocent, he was put in jail. He did, however, work for one respectable family. It was a daughter of this family who caused the great awakening in his life. She was kind to him and taught him to read English. She took him to church — a fact which later resulted in his becoming a minister.

It was shortly after this when an uncle of this girl for whom Panunzio worked, said: "Frank, my boy, you ought to go to school." These words echoed through Panunzio's mind as a sort of challenge. He would go to school!

In April, 1904, he entered Maine Wesleyan Seminary, where he gained fame among the students for his oratorical ability. He had no one with whom to share his fame and consequently found no happiness in it. It is pitiful to think of the pain which the students of the seminary caused him, when he won a place in the Senior Play, by calling him "dago" and "foreigner", and by trying to deny him the right to take the part.

In 1907, he entered Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, and later, the School of Theology, Boston University.

Upon his graduation he spent some time in preaching. However, the greater part of his time was in helping the Italian colonies in the North End of Boston. Here he devoted himself to the noble task of trying to make life better for these foreigners than it had been for him.

When the World War began he enlisted, but he was not taken because of blindness in one eye. He was, however, taken by the Y. M. C. A., and that was how he was again permitted to see Malfetta and his family.

During his visit, a great struggle was going on within him. When he first came to America and felt the hardship

of the life which is offered an immigrant here, his one desire was to get enough money to go back to Italy. Now he was in Italy again. Should America or Italy be his native land? The answer was given him when, one day, after addressing a regiment of 1918 recruits, he saw before him two standards: one for the Italy of his childhood with its pleasant memories and friends; the other for years of suffering and the awakening of manhood. He loved them both, but he loved one the more. As he went away and looked back at the Star Spangled Banner waving gloriously in the last beam of light, he knew where his heart lay.

This autobiography is one of the most inspiring which I have ever read. It depicts the inner struggles of the soul of an immigrant. It explains why every foreigner cannot become great and what helps and what hinders him. It portrays an Italian youth, called "dago" and "foreigner" at every step, seeking vainly for the opportunities of which America boasts. Mr. Panunzio himself says, in regard to his reason for writing the book, "My only desire is that this little book may help Americans to understand, a little more fully perhaps, what fire the immigrant passes through as he lifts his face toward the real America."

Frances Kelleher, '29.

THE FLAG

One might say that it was just a flag, blowing in the wind; a piece of cloth, on a pole; but to me this flag, like the very spirit of America, proudly lifts its folds to God. Men, hundreds of men, have been plunged into eternity to preserve the honor of this flag—this cloth. Women, like the noble Spartans of yore, have given their husbands and sons to be hurled into a maelstrom of war for this flag. Children look with reverence upon its crimson bars, as crimson as the blood of those lost in defending it; its white stars, pure as its spotless honor; its blue field, like the sky above, signifying freedom and liberty. That is what our flag means to me, and to countless others who bow their heads when they see it riding the crest of the wind.

Eleanor Humphrey, '29.

TOP SHELVES

Scattered over the length and breadth of this great nation of ours, is the institution upon which the United States of America is founded—the Average Home. In reality, there exists no such thing as an "average home"; no two are alike. But they possess many points in common, notable among which is the invariable possession of one or more Top Shelves. Edgar Guest writes, in substance:

"It takes a heap o' livin'

In a house, to make it Home,"

and by the time a house has been lived in long enough to acquire that friendly atmosphere of home, it has also, of necessity, acquired a Top Shelf. It may be a closet, a corner of an attic, or an old trunk, but, considered from our point of view, it is essentially a Top Shelf.

It is the ultimate resting-place of the seldom-used, the dilapidated, the obsolete. We find there perhaps the old stereoscope which went out with the "gay nineties," an old kerosene lamp, several adamantine paint-brushes, and the component remnants of a doll's chair which Dad had promised little sister to glue together, but never could seem to get around to it. (Sister graduates from college next June!) The "rummage sale" is kept alive in America by the existence of the Top Shelf.

Might we not, in pursuing the idea further, find a parallel application to society at large? The present-day prominence of athletics in our life furnishes an illustration. A "star" enjoys a brief period of popularity and glory, then the public "puts him away on a shelf" and promptly forgets all about him. Years later, some sports writer with a penchant for statistics may delve into the dim and dusty archives of the past, drag out the erstwhile hero, and dust him off for an editorial. But to the public, he is gone, vanished to the Top Shelf, out of Memory's reach.

Each one of us has a Top Shelf in our own mind. We load it with seldom-used facts and obsolete ideas. Occasionally, in a meditative mood, we take down some mistaken, erroneous idea of childhood and examine it in the strong, piercing light of Truth. There are, on the Top Shelf, fairies and ghosts, shattered ideals and illusions, Santa Claus, Mother Goose, and the rest; ideas which we will not or cannot discard, the nether-land of the past.

Orison S. Pratt, '30.

HANDKERCHIEFS

There are as many kinds and uses of handkerchiefs as there are spots on a leopard. Between a flimsy piece of georgette bordered with two-inch lace and purchased at a bargain and a beautiful piece of linen trimmed with cut-work, one could count a surprisingly large number.

A handkerchief may seem insignificant, but on a little investigation, it is found to serve a host of purposes. Notice a little girl wearing a new pair of patent leather shoes, and you will see her step into a doorway now and then to take out her handkerchief, and with the most profound reverence, wipe off a slight sprinkling of dust which may have collected there.

When a mischievous school boy wishes to assure himself that he will not be punished, he wraps in a soiled handkerchief two precious alleys, a stick of chewing gum, and a soft furry caterpillar. In this way his "treasures" escape the teacher's scrutiny.

If "Miss Sweet-Sixteen" wishes to attract her hero's attention, she deftly drops her newly rose-scented handkerchief, and then walks on, trusting to Fate that none but he will pick it up—as it is her very best one.

Her "hero" in later turn, takes out his manly handkerchief, with its border of screaming orange and green spots, to efface the beads of perspiration from his troubled brow as he meekly asks Dad for a little advance on his allowance to alleviate the embarrassing state of his financial affairs.

These squares of various sizes and colors assist in all manner of ceremony, and, although Dad wishes to make a good appearance at the meeting of distinguished business men, he cannot ignore the voice of his young daughter as she nudges him and says,

"Here's your handkerchief, Daddy. Mother says she never saw a man like you for forgetting things!"

So Dad just takes it and mutters a few words, the most audible of which are,

"Yes, that's a good girl; now go home."

And so we must admit that handkerchiefs do play an important part in completing or destroying the sphere of this age.

Ruth David, '29.

THE ILL-FATED PASQUELINA

From the start, the Pasquelina had been an ill-fated ship. Captains and first mates by the score had lost their lives on this unfortunate vessel. The decks were covered with murky stains which bore mute testimony of bloody encounters. It was a ship which conjured visions of skulking figures, dripping knives, mutinous faces, and snarling crews. However, the Pasquelina sailed forth to England with the Great Armada of Philip II, although there had been many dire prophecies concerning her disaster.

The crew was reluctant to go. Grumbling and cursing, the men prepared to depart, and with much trepidation they bade farewell to Spain. The galley-slaves, sweating and straining at the oars, writhed under the lashes of the master and turned malevolent faces toward the wall. As the ship appeared silhouetted against the darkening sky, its sails were stained with the blood-red of the setting sun.

From the beginning of the fatal voyage, the sky had been threatening. Thunderous, black clouds swept over the gloomy sky obscuring the feeble rays of the sun. The leaden sea stretched forbiddingly toward a black horizon. The very air was oppressive with ominous foreboding. The men, aroused by the whip of the mate, muttered savagely under their breaths as Captain Verrazano strode along the deck, his face grim, and his mouth drawn with anxiety.

As night drew on, the sky grew darker and darker, until an impenetrable black covered all. The wind shrieked and sobbed through the masts; the sea, lashed into a fury, swept over the pitching ship as if to engulf it; the sails slashed in the dripping wind; the masts creaked and groaned as if despairing of their strength against the furious onslaught of the elements.

Suddenly there was a lull in the storm. The wind subsided with a gentle moan. The rain abated into a gentle mist. The ship hesitated on its passage over the now quiet seas.

Came a voice from the darkness:

"Hey, bub, this darned rain machine's run outta water."
Oh! yes, I forgot to say that we were in Hollywood.

John L. Roach, '30.

PLEASURES OF BEING CONTRARY

My close associates would undoubtedly uphold me in the selection of this subject because it would stand to reason, they might say, that my ideas, being of a contrary nature, should react as well upon paper as upon the proverbial four winds to which I often expose them. My reference to the four winds is sincere, for I doubt if my comrades even give ear to my elaborately constructed arguments. To condense matters, I might say that it is both a pleasure and a necessity to be contrary.

When a child makes his debut at asserting himself, we term his actions as "naughty"; the idle and contrary views of a youth my own age are considered "fresh"; yet a man's arguments are regarded as "worthy of consideration," or the inventor is known as "intellectual". It is also a grave mistake never to agree, for this fault displays an unwarranted lack of manners; nevertheless, this fact should not prevent a person from rendering his opinion as best suited to the occasion. Arguments which invoke father and son may be regarded as trifles in the annals of the American home, yet, what brings more pleasure to the younger generation than a lengthy disagreement with father concerning the conserva-

tive methods of the rapidly fading age in which he was raised? The argument seldom fails to terminate in a severe reprimand by the fond, but ruffled parent who mentions several stock phrases, such as "knowing too much," "When you're as old as I," or "You've just reached the age," and several other familiar expressions.

The most common contrariness known to a high school student involves opinions of third persons; synopses of characters fly fast and furious so that the boisterous contenders are sometimes reunited with difficulty. The pleasure is present, however, and the world still remains intact.

My rule for being contrary: "Never agree upon a subject obscure to one or both individuals, for the discussion lacks warmth, and little pleasure can be derived from it." Though I am fond of impromptu and friendly arguments, a formal debate holds no degree of pleasure whatsoever for my simple soul, for no matter how forceful the contestants may be, the theme doesn't contain sufficient heat to pierce the cold exterior of formality and facts.

Merritt Stockbridge, '30.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE

The passing of the old-fashioned country schoolhouse is now a reality. There are few of these schools left, but the memory of them lingers on in more than one heart.

One of the pleasing features of the schoolroom was the double seats. Remember, Grandmother, when you used to share your desk with Aunt Mathilda? Do you recall how you used to whisper and laugh with the boy in back of you and how the teacher made him sit with you to punish you? I suspect, Grandmother, that you liked that and used to laugh and talk intentionally! Confess, now. I know I am correct.

Think how cold it was on those winter mornings and how all the pupils sat around the fat stove which radiated its jolly comforting heat to such an extent that their cheeks used to burn, while their backs were cold.

The best time of all came when the bell rang for recess. Then everyone brought his lunch basket or tin pail in which he had carried his cold lunch to school. Then, do you remember how your mother always put in some little delicacy for your best friend, Mary, who, in turn, would give you a delicious rosy apple from her father's orchard? Of course, in the little schoolroom everyone knew one another well and thus were able to become very intimate and friendly.

Truly, there were many discomforts; yet the pupils were just as happy in their little one-room schoolhouse as the pupils of today with their large, beautiful, and comfortable buildings.

Myra Newell, '29.

THE SOLUTION

Jimmy Leavitt hung up the telephone receiver dejectedly. The Prom was the big event of the year at Janis Preparatory School, and he did want to take Elinor Stanton, who was the prettiest girl in town and whose dancing suited his own to perfection; she had brains, too. She hadn't given any reason for not going—just said she was sorry but would have to refuse. Jimmy thought she had sounded rather disappointed—who wouldn't be, he reflected, to have to turn him down? Eighteen-year-old James Dexter Leavitt, like most boys of his age, had a very good opinion of himself.

Oh, well, he would take Fay Lincoln. He hurried out of his dormitory, and made his way to the street where Fay lived. She opened the door at Jimmy's knock. The contrast between Elinor and Fay was marked; Fay was short, Elinor tall; Fay blond, Elinor dark.

"Get on some duds, and we'll go get a sundae," urged Jimmy. On their way downtown he asked her to go to the Prom with him. She just reached his shoulder, Jimmy noticed approvingly. He liked them small.

"Tell me I'm the first girl you've asked," teased Fay.

"Of course you are, silly," her escort assured her. Fay looked at him with admiring eyes, and Jimmy liked to be admired.

When he got home late in the afternoon he found a note awaiting him. Jimmy tore open the seal. Who could be writing to him?

"Dear Jim, I find that I can accept your invitation after all. A telegram from New York, saying my father was very ill, upset me so that I was unable to say much this afternoon. My mother and I were planning to go to him, but a later telegram informs us that the success of his operation assures his quick recovery."

Horrors! The note's significance came over him. How could he get out of the predicament without disgracing himself? If only he hadn't told Fay that well meant but disastrous fib.

What could he do? Of course he could play sick, but the event was a week off, and he would be expected to pay a little attention to the girl he was going to take. If only he could get a bad cold,—anything. But he wanted to go! Elinor and Fay knew each other pretty well, and they would probably get together some time soon and then—!

"Oh, what a dickens of a mess," groaned Jimmy. What a blow to his pride; he would never be able to look either girl in the face again.

Of course there was Jack. Jack, his younger brother, was at another school a short distance away. Jimmy was sure Jack would do anything for him. But how could he get him there, and which girl would he give him when he arrived. Jim dispatched a telegram.

"Please make no dates for April fifteenth. Letter follows. Jim."

Then he sat down to compose the letter. It seemed almost too awful to put on paper—that he, the popular Jimmy Leavitt, was in a corner like this! "Jack's rather wild, but I guess I can make him behave. I can see about getting him permission to go, all right," thought Jimmy, and he went to bed with a relieved mind.

The next morning a telegram awaited him: "Sorry, already have," was Jack's reply. Oh! ! What was there left to do? Go tell Elinor. But then, Fay would find out that he had fibbed—she might anyway. That day was torture to Jimmy. Past master of getting out of any kind of a scrape, he was unable to escape from this one.

But when he reached his dorm, there was a second telegram for him. He opened it with great hope. Hurrah! Good old Jack would come. He decided to give Fay to Jack; but how could he? Well, they could arrange things when he arrived.

Jack came two days before the Prom on a train that reached the small town in the middle of the afternoon. Fay happened to be at the station, and Jack recognized her at once from Jim's description. She thought she recognized

him, for he looked just like his brother. "Why, Jim," she cried, "where have you been?"

Trying to make his voice sound like Jim's, he replied that he was returning from the city. "Cute kid," he remarked to himself, "I'll take this one." As he walked along beside her, he forgot Jim and assumed his own voice.

Finally she exclaimed, "You're not Jim, you're his brother Jack." He nodded guiltily, and then she began to giggle, and he joined in her merriment.

"Gee, I wish you were going to the Prom with me," Jack said suddenly. She looked at him in astonishment. Then she rather wished she was, too, for he seemed more fun than Jimmy. Jack left her and arrived at Jim's dorm.

In the next two days Jack was seen with Fay constantly, Jimmy with Elinor. It was finally arranged, without either girl learning the circumstances, that Jack should take Fay.

The great night came. It was beautiful out-of-doors, and the dance hall looked very gay with all its decorations.

At seven o'clock, Mrs. Stanton called Jimmy and said that Elinor was sick with a high fever. Poor James murmured a few words of sympathy, but he was thoroughly disgusted. Women! All this trouble because a woman, like all members of her sex, had changed her mind. But she had done it twice. He was through with them forever.

He went to the Prom stag.

Mary Bonney, '30.

THE GHOST OF CHIEF HIGGANUMPUS

Nestled down close to the Connecticut river and surrounded by hills and woods, lies the little town of Higginum. Now one sees a peaceful group of farm houses, some built back in the Revolutionary days, flourishing gardens, wide roads, and steamboats on the river; but long ago an Indian tribe camped on the place where these houses now stand, and paddled canoes where the steamboats now run. Little did the Indians dream that their tribes would be exterminated from those hunting grounds, and that, practically, the only trace of them to be found two hundred or more years later, would be arrow-heads, and spears, which probably missed the mark of the hunter.

Petty's uncle was remodelling his old family farm in Higginum for his summer home, and Betty was spending her summer there with him. Monday she had watched the carpenters finish the garage; Tuesday she had watched the painter; and today, Wednesday, she was watching them lay the stepping-stones from the garage to the house. To lay them, it was necessary to dig down several feet.

When Jerry, the head workman, finished getting a rock out and paused for breath, Betty peeped into the hole. Some objects which looked like bones lay on the bottom. She looked carefully again. Yes, surely, they were bones. Her heart leaped to her throat and her imagination worked its hardest. Maybe they were the bones of an Indian! She forced the amazed Jerry to look at them, but he shook his gray head wisely and said they were probably the remains of a sheep or a calf. Betty's face fell; but then, she reasoned, why would anyone bury such an animal in his lawn? She would ask her Uncle John about them. He was a doctor and he would surely know what kind of bones they were.

Just then she saw him coming. Racing to him she breathlessly told of her discovery. Much to her satisfaction he ordered the workman to dig around again to see if there were any more bones there. Meanwhile, he and Betty spread

the bones already unearthed on the grass. They soon found that they were brittle and had to be handled carefully.

"Betty," asked Uncle John, "do you see any bone there which looks like anything you have ever seen before?"

Betty looked and thought. "Yes, that bone there looks like the antler of a deer," she answered.

"Right you are, Betty, that is a deer's antler," agreed her uncle, "and, what is more, most of these bones belong to a human being, probably an Indian." He turned to Jerry. Jerry, with eyes bulging, handed him a few arrow-heads, a spear, and two tomahawks. "These weapons prove my statement," declared Uncle John. "The bones belong to an Indian chief, for these antlers signify that he was the leader of his tribe. Moreover, a chief by the name of Higginumpus was supposed to be buried somewhere on this hill, so undoubtedly these are his bones."

That afternoon will always be remembered by Betty as a strange, weird one. She and her uncle looked over the bones and then put them in a box in the hall. It gave her a queer sensation to handle them, and when nine o'clock came, that sensation had grown into a dread of going to bed in the dark, and she wished she had never made such a discovery. Nevertheless, she said good night to her uncle and climbed up the steep, narrow stairs to her bedroom.

She was soon in bed, but she couldn't sleep. Indian stories kept running through her head. Suddenly she started and sat up, staring into the darkness. A low, rumbling noise echoed and re-echoed all around her. It lasted for barely a half minute. Betty shivered and started to lie down again, but then—a piercing shriek rent the air. Thoroughly terrified she jammed her fingers in her ears, but not quickly enough to miss hearing the creaking sound on the stairs. That was too much; with a smothered scream she tumbled under her bed, blankets and all, and, burying herself in the blankets, blocked her ears again.

She did not realize how long she lay there, but, trembling in terror, she blamed herself over and over again. Oh, why had she ever brought those bones into the house? And why had she ever consented to leave them in the hall, and leave her door open, too? She had never believed in ghosts, but what else but the spirit of Chief Higginumpus could utter such deathly noises? How did she know but that the bones, having assembled themselves, were walking around her room at that very minute with a tomahawk in one skinless hand, ready to scalp her should she lift her blankets and show herself? She had read legends about Indians whose spirits were believed to walk at night because their graves had been disturbed, so the old chief would probably feel the same way.

Suddenly she realized that her uncle was calling her. So it was morning! She peeped out from her blankets. Yes, it was. The sun was out bright and warm. Never before had she been so glad to see daylight. She dressed quickly and ran downstairs to find Uncle John reading the paper.

"Well, my little Betty, did you hear the Moodus noises last night?" inquired Uncle John.

"Moodus noises! I think not, Uncle."

"You don't mean it! You surely did well to sleep through them. The paper says they were the worst they have been for years. They sound very weird; a long, rumbling sound. Scientists say they are caused by some shifting of the rocks in that vicinity. Last night they sounded more

wcird than ever, for the steamboats blew their whistles just about the same time."

Betty thought. A low rumbling sound and a shrieking steamboat whistle—those were just the kinds of noises that she had hear. She started to tell Uncle John about her fright in the night, but she knew he would laugh, so she kept it to herself and was happy to think after all, the chief's bones had stayed where she had left them.

Ruth Tyler, '31.

LEONARDO da VINCI

Perhaps no other figure in history has had so wide an influence on so many branches of human endeavor as this genius of Italy. Far ahead of his time, as all geniuses are, one may say that he was truly one of the most extraordinary, versatile men who ever lived. He was one of those fearless thinkers who, in spite of ecclesiastical opposition, kept alight the torch of learning, which Ancient Greece had kindled, during those dark centuries between the fall of Alexandria and the Renaissance.

Painter, sculptor, draftsman, poet, philosopher, scholar, author, physician, scientist, architect, engineer, mathematician, musician—what field of activity did he not touch?

He is probably best known to most of us as an artist, and, indeed, in the last analysis, his soul was that of an artist. He seemed to dabble in science merely as a pastime, yet what results he gained! Science had not yet become so tremendously complex as in modern days, and one man might master all of the existing knowledge in many fields. As an artist, he was a master of the technique of chiaroscuro, gaining many beautiful effects through the skillful use of a particular kind of blending. He did much portrait work for the nobility and was appointed Court painter to Louis XII. The most celebrated portrait in the world, the "Mona Lisa," is the work of his hand. So also is the equally famous mural, "The Last Supper."

In 1502 he entered the service of Cesare Borgia as a military engineer, serving in several campaigns. He made working drawings of early rapid-fire and breech-loading guns. He held several important public posts in his capacity as engineer, and originated the science of hydraulics. He also discovered and effectively applied the principles of the canal lock, which have not been basically improved upon since his time.

His researches into anatomy and embryology produced sound ideas. Leonardo was one of the very first to perceive the principle of the circulation of the blood, although credit is usually accorded on this point to William Harvey, who experimentally demonstrated this truth in 1619.

In physics also he analyzed the flight of birds, formulated some of the principles of flight and constructed a model helicopter. It is said that he attempted a trial flight a la Darius Green, but it came to the same end as that of Icarus. The failure was due, however, not to faulty construction, but lack of sufficient motive power.

His meteorological investigations were important. He worked out the moon's influence on the tides and was able to forecast weather with some accuracy.

He had an understanding of geology which was several

hundreds of years ahead of the first recognized geologists, correctly interpreting the nature and meaning of fossil remains and giving a correct explanation of the formation of mountains.

In mathematics he studied inscribed polygons and solved the classic Greek problem of Squaring the Circle. In this the problem is to construct a square or rectangle which should be equal in area to a given circle, using pure Platonic methods. Leonardo constructed a cylinder whose height equalled one-half its radius. The path of one revolution of this cylinder on a plane was a rectangle whose area equalled that of the circle. Thus he solved the problem, though not strictly in accordance with the conditions.

His researches into the study of spirals were very extensive. Inasmuch as he was also a famous architect, this knowledge helped him to design the famous spiral staircase in the chateau of Francis I. This is still studied by architects today as a model of the free-standing stairs. He was employed on the designing of the beautiful Milan cathedral, and designed other public buildings.

He is credited with over one hundred different manuscripts, which are peculiar in that they were written with the left hand and from right to left. For this reason they are very difficult to decipher, and, for the most part, were not published until long after his death. Had this not been so, his influence on the early developments of science might have been still greater than it was.

Orison S. Pratt, '30.

GOOD MORNING, AMERICA

By
Carl Sandburg

Carl Sandburg's poem, "Good Morning, America", has given me an exceeding amount of food for thought. It deals with every conceivable phase of American life; its people, its religion, manners, industry, works, sufferings and joys, and even the vernacular and slang expressions.

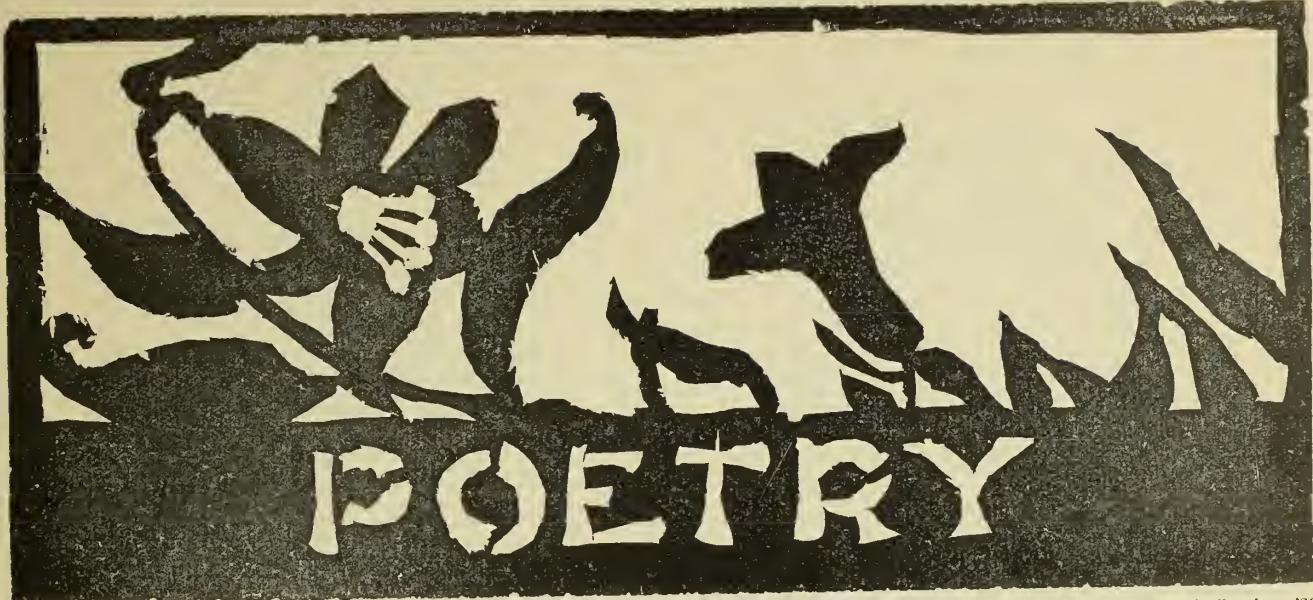
Bits of the poem keep persistently opening the door of my brain. The one that keeps flitting in and out constantly is:

"Who made 'em, who made the skyscrapers,
Man made 'em, the little two-legged joker man."

Sandburg then proceeds to picture for us how and with what man made 'em. The energy, the might, the daring, the toil, the sweat, the suffering of the men who work tirelessly in constructing the colossal tower of strength—the skyscraper. A skyscraper seems to epitomize America to Carl Sandburg. Nowhere else in the world are these majestic buildings to be found. They seem to flaunt the pride and audacity of their makers.

Sandburg shows a fine impressive forcefulness in this poem, but there is none of the same sure rhythm that is found in some of the other modern poets' work. Rather there is a deep monotone that suggests strength and mightiness. It makes me think of some huge giant singing ponderous notes. I like this poem, mainly because Sandburg has ventured away from "the white-gloved America into an America that is hard and brutal, perhaps, but real." And he has succeeded in writing this poem, and all of his works for that matter, by making his poetical style fit his subject—no frills, no fancy luxuries; just the plain language of the people.

Leonilda DePamphilis, '29



Gertrude Dewing, '29

THE MOON

Glowing, darting, misty moon
In among those fairy clouds,
Shining down upon the world,
Speaking from your dusky shrouds.

Smiling, shining, lovely moon
Floating slowly through the air,
Past the gleaming, silv'ry stars,
You are dreamy, glowing, fair.

Marie Blaikie, '29

PEACE

The hand of Peace is frank and warm,
And soft as ring-dove's wing;
And he who quells an angry thought
Is greater than a king.

Leonilda DePamphilis, '29

MUSIC—DREAMS

At twilight, when the day is o'er
And rest time comes to me,
The heart of a piano soars
In bursts of melody.

I scarcely know my fingers touch
Those keys of ivory hue;
My mind is misted o'er with such
A vision old, yet new.

Before my fevered fancy, file
Musicians famed and great.
I sometimes wonder if their smile
Means music as my fate.

And then my bubble burst in air—
My friends have come to naught.
Though only dreams, why should I care—
They give me food for thought.

Irene Connors, '29

BY-AND-BY

There's a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking,
And his name is By-and-by.

What we ought to do this minute
"Will be better done," he'll cry,
"If tomorrow we begin it,"
"Put it off," says By-and-by.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
Will his faithless guidance rue.
What we always put off doing,
Clearly, we shall never do.

Leonilda DePamphilis, '29

TO A CANARY

You sing sweetly, O Canary,
But you lack a certain charm;
You lack woodland touches fragrant,
And a spirit always warm.

You sing of the cage about you,
Drab and lonely every day;
While the thrush pours forth its glory
Of a life so free and gay.

Happy is the darting swallow,
Or the bluebird in its nest;
You lack freedom, O Canary,
Where the heart-felt song sounds best.

Nicholas Quinzio, '30

THE MOON

Softly sailing thru cloudless space,
Guardian mother of every race,
Daintily casting your glowing light
Upon a world of blackest night,
Touching gently a lonely face,
Making the earth a nobler place.

Edwin Peterson, '29

THE PIRATE MAIDEN

Apollo smites the high cliffs with his rays,
Transforming wave-washed rocks to mounds of gold,
The deep and changing sea is made more blue,
From the reflection of the morning sky,
And gently pushes forward; then retreats.
The fishers' huts are nestled 'mong the cliffs,
As scores of pirates camped in former years.

The aged Saulus stands as carved from stone,
And watches with untiring eyes, the sea
Which rolls serenely on, unconscious of his gaze,
And waits for pirate ships with unknown wealth,
Which many years before had anchored there,
When he was young and had the strength of youth,
His gait was firm, his eyes were clear and bright,
His sturdy, sun-tanned limbs were strong and hard.
And he had dwelt among the grassy cliffs.
A fisherman of honor and of skill.
'Twas then the blood-stained ship had anchored there,
With jewels and gold and dark-eyed, dusky crew.
And with them they had brought a pirate maid;
A fascinating, black-eyed, graceful witch,
Who, tiring of the changing sea and sky,
Had fled to shore, disguised in pirate's garb,
And there found Saulus lying by the sea.
Then, slipping from her outer pirate's cloak,
She stood before him, beautiful and still,
And begged him with sweet words and winning ways,
To keep her there until the pirate chief
Should tire of the search and sail away.
At last consenting, won by her clear gaze,
He rose, and led her to his sun-bleached hut.
For one short moon they lived there by the sea;
And Saulus, ever walking by her side,
Was charm'd, and grew to love the pirate maid.
But she became more silent day by day,
And he was worried by her drooping eyes;

The maiden pirate,—wistful—watched the sea,
And longed for pirate ship with low-hung sail.
At last one night she vanished in a storm:
The fishermen declared the bloody ship
Had come and carried her away again.
Then Saulus, sorely stricken, cried aloud,
And rushed down to the strand but found her not.

Thus Saulus,—lonely,—stands and watches there,
A silent figure, waiting by the sea.

Alice Moore, '31

MEMORIES

Across the years there came a call
So clear, so rich, so sweet to me;
It told a tale of giants tall,
Of once-loved gnomes and fairies small,
Of lands one often longs to see
When childhood is a memory.

Winifred M. Tighe, '29

MY PUP

You're an awkward little dickens,
An' yer markins ain't on straight,
An' o' course I gives yer lickins
'Cause they's mischief in yer pate!

You're a gamey little tike, though,
An' ya sure do love a scrap,
Oh, I aint seen no wuss, no,
Here, get down from off my lap!

You're a mangy-lookin' critter,
With yer ears and neck chewed up,
But I'll lick the guy what hurts yer,
'Cause yer Bagsey Ears, my pup!

Norman L. Balcom, '30

THE WIND

Who is it blows o'er sea and strand?
Who is it stirs the desert sand?
Who swoops to blow with mighty roar,
The stranded ships far off the shore?
Who ruffles waves o'er all the sea?
Who madly chuckles them with glee?

The mighty wind.

Who is it that so softly blows
To spread the fragrance of the rose?
Who drowns the tones of mighty crowds,
And yet so gently moves the clouds?
Who stirs with sweetly fragrant breeze
The lovely music in the trees?

The gentle wind.

Who tosses kites up in the sky?
Who is it blows our hats on high?
Who frolics with such happy glee,
Like some child from school set free?
Who is it who delights to tease
With escapades, in each new breeze?

The merry wind.

Who softly breathes in pitying phrase,
Relics of some by-gone days?
Who notes the pity through the years,
The swelling of a nation's fears?
Who sighs as through our lives he blows,
Because of sorrow that he knows?

The lonely wind.

For—oh, the wind though wild and shrill,
Can oftentimes be low and still.
The wind is gentle,—often sad,
And yet so merry and so glad,
With always a different tune to play
In the formation of the day.

The changing wind.

Caroline Feindel, '31

THE DREAM WEAVER

Last night while I was dreaming,
Alone in the gathering gloom,
I dreamed I was a weaver
Who owned a silver loom.

A song I used for power,
To weave with threads of gold
Into my fancy's pattern
My wishes yet untold.

I spun and sang for hours,
With the dreams that came and fled,
And often I glanced at my weaving
That showed not a tangled thread.

At last my fingers faltered,
And the wheel of my loom stood still;
My dreams had suddenly ended
As dreaming ever will!

Miriam G. MacTeague, '30

JUNE—AND A BOOK

An apple,
A book,
And a woodsy nook;
A rustle,
The call of a lark,
An afternoon
Of a day in June,
Sets fire my imagining spark.

A battle,
A chase,
A damsel in lace,
A tourney,
The twang of a lyre,
A Holy Crusade,
The Orleans Maid,
And all from a tiny spark's fire.

For
An apple,
A book,
A woodsy nook,
A rustle,
The call of a lark,
An afternoon
Of a day in June,
Sets fire my imagining spark.

Drusilla L. Bell, '32

WORSHIP

I've built an altar deep in my heart
To the sun and the evening star;
And I offer them each rare gifts apart,
Incense that reaches far.

To the sun—the joy of a lovely song
And the perfume of flowers fair;
To the star—the calm from a day not long
And the holy peace of a prayer.

Sallie Parker, '32

IN OLD JAPAN

In old Japan one night in June,
I watched a golden sun sink low
Beyond a shaded, still lagoon,
Behind a mountain tipped with snow.

The moon rose glimmering and bright
Above the scented cherry-trees,
Where whispered softly through the night
A gentle, crooning, southern breeze.

A maiden, passing to and fro,
Waved her amber-tinted fan,
Where paper lanterns shed their glow
In a dim side-street of old Japan.

Winifred M. Tighe, '29

WHEN STAR AND CANDLE MEET

There's a beauty in the evening,
That is missing in the day;
There's a calm and peaceful quiet
Settles o'er our busy way.

For the stars come out from heaven
And the lights reach up from earth,
'Til the gleams of star and candle
Mingled, seem of equal worth.

So in life we find our station,
Some are great and some are small;
But each station has a duty,
And we answer to its call.

Alice McGrail, '30

YOUTH

Crouching on the hilltop,
Like a sprite of old,
Cheeks of ruddy copper,
Hair of burnished gold.

Face upturned to God,
Arms flung wide to hold
All the sweet warm sunshine,
Like a pirate, bold.

Youth—upon the hilltop,
As youth will always be,
Drinking from Life's Spring—
Yet, Spring is Autumn's fee.

Eleanor Humphrey, '29

TWO IMPRESSIONS

I saw the sea—the sparkling sea,
Calm and blue and fair;
The flashing waves, it seemed to me
Sang through the sunlit air.

I saw the cold, grey, sombre sea;
And every sullen wave
Of that vast ocean seemed to me
Some lonely mariner's grave.

Orison S. Pratt, '30

A SKY VOYAGE

O would you go a-sailing,
Upon the light, light breeze?
Above the town and country,
Above the tallest trees?

I'd like to go a-sailing,
Upon the light, light breeze,
But we've no ship nor pilot,
To take us on those seas.

The new moon's boat we'll borrow,
Made all of gold so fine,
A rosy cloud from sunset,
Reflected on our line.

Then all our friends and sweethearts,
Who live there down below,
Will join us in our voyage,
As on and on we go.

A star shall be our pilot,
Across the sea of light;
And some enchanted island,
Will be our port at night.

Ruth Godfrey, '29

THE WIND

Hear the wind go whistling,
I can hear it now,
Like a merry farmer boy,
Working at the plough.

Now around the corner
It blows a fearful blast,
Whirling all things with it,
Going, oh, so fast.

Blowing down the chimney
With a noisy shout,
Making all within the house
Glad they aren't without.

So on, through the night time,
You can hear the song
Of the noisy night wind,
As it blows along.

Dorothy Peterson, '32

LAMENTATION

Above, the gray gulls wheel and cry,
Here, the gray waves are running high.

And all around, the chill winds whine,
And freezing cold is this heart of mine.

For he is laid beneath the sod,
His soul is gone to meet his God.

Lawrence Doore, '30

A SUMMER IDYLL

Stop a moment in your flight,
Dainty yellow butterfly.
Whence the ray of golden light
As you gaily flutter by?

Have you reached Old Sol's road-way,
Brushed your wings against his cheek?
Or caught the light at end of day,
That I've traveled far to seek?

Have you touched the pot of gold,
As your merry way you wend?
That is found, so I am told,
Snuggled at the rainbow's end?

Margaret Reilly, '30

EVENTIDE

A cloud—
More clouds;
A tint of purple—
Lingering sun rays;
A dash of orange—
Orange deepening;
An amber glow,
A touch of crimson;
Longer shadows,
Darkness falling,
A twinkling star;
A silver crescent—
Night.

Eleanor Hayes, '31

THE MONKEY

Little monkey in the Zoo,
Life is very gay for you.
When you like to, you can swing
Back and forth upon a ring,
Hanging by your tail and toes.
You can poke your stubby nose
Through the bars and beg the boys
For their apples and their toys.
You can do just what you choose,
Never polish up your shoes.
Never wash your hands or face,
Eat with forks or wait for grace.
Little monkey in the Zoo,
Life is very gay for you!

Mary Bonito, '31

GOOD CHEER

Life, believe, is not a dream
As dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes these are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
The showers make the roses bloom,
Oh, why lament their fall?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by;
Gratefully, cheerfully,
Enjoy them as they fly.

Sigmund J. Szydlowski, '30

THE BROOK

Trickling over mossy logs,
Running over stones,
Growing larger as it goes,
Searching many zones—

Seeing things we never see,
Sounds we never hear;
Watching wood-folk at their play,
Rabbits, fox, and deer—

Bravely on and on it flows,
Happy, gay, and free,
'Til its distant home it finds,
In the boundless sea.

Mary Walton, '31

ADVENTURES WITH BOOKS

I've sailed with ease the seven seas
To many a distant port;
I've entered in ease thru magic keys
Where Buddha once held court.

I've felt the lure of the midnight sun
The heat of the desert sand;
I've seen the sun when day was done
Across a tropic strand.

I've heard the snarl of the jungle beast
The plaintive notes of quail;
In India I had a feast
And heard a thrilling tale.

I've roamed around the old frontier
With Lewis, Boone, and Clarke;
Among the Alps I lost my fears
And climbed the peaks as a lark!

I've shared the hills with pirates bold
I've heard the wind's soft sigh;
No doubt you think that I have roamed
The stormy seas so high.

But no, my friends, I stayed at home
Among my many books,
And often sat in the house alone
To read in the library's nooks.

Hayward E. Bliss, '29

THE FOREIGN LEGION

Start at dawn and tramp—tramp—tramp
'Neath the boiling sun;
Thru the sand that tortures them,
Dropping one by one.

All the day they march—march—march
'Mid the desert heat;
Hoping that before the night,
An oasis they'll meet.

On and on they trudge—trudge—trudge
'Til the day is done;
Then they fall exhausted down—
The Foreign Legion!

Stephen Rogers, '30

BOOKS

Books are the keys
To wisdom's treasure;
Books are the gates
To lands of pleasure;
Books are the paths
That upward lead;
Books are good friends,
Come, let us read.

Sigmund J. Szydłowski, '30

SAILING

What is so fleet as a trim little craft,
'Bout twenty feet, let's say,
Being coaxed along by a strong June breeze
On the blue of a sun-lit bay?

Just loop your leg on the tiller bar
And let the world go past,
As you dreamily watch the rolling clouds
A-top the quivering mast.

Merritt Stockbridge, '30

MAKE-BELIEVING LAND

Although I've tried to stroll a bit
In "Make-Believing Land,"
My mind thinks but of past events,
Or else of things at hand.

I don't remember any time
When I could fancy things;
And rarely now have I the joy
Imagination brings.

Perhaps I do deceive myself;
What if I can invent
Fantastic shapes and things unreal
That's not my natural bent!

Sometimes I lose myself in thought;
(I'm not the dead-brained kind)
But still my brain is filled with fact,
The truth is in my mind.

Nevertheless I think I'm right
In liking realness, and
I think it's pure and simple "bunk,"
This "Make-Believing Land"!

David Dutton, '29

THE BUMBLE BEE

Busy, little bumble bee,
Always happy, gay and free,
Buzzing through the fragrant air,
Darting here and darting there,
Gathering honey from all flowers
In the warm and sunny hours.

Soon the summer will be over;
No more buttercups or clover,
And the hot sunshine will go,
Giving place to winter's snow,
What will then become of thee,
Busy, little bumble bee?

Priscilla Lamprey, '32

THE FIRE

Flickering shadows dance on the walls;
Far into the corners each one calls
His mate from the
 deep
 red
 fire.

The log does its duty to crackle and burn;
As the smoke curls up and continues to turn
Far from the
 deep
 red
 fire.

Shadows skip to and fro over chairs;
While the long streak of smoke upward tears
Away from the
 deep
 red
 fire.

Slower and slower it fades away—
Never caring what one may say
To the end of the
 deep
 red
 fire.

The blaze ceases to flicker and flame;
Slowly changing to a gloomy black mane
That is no longer a
 deep
 red
 fire.

Winifred Christie, '30

WHY I LIKED IT

"As You Like It," Shakespeare's play,
I'd like to read it any day.
I know why it attracted me—
The reason is—it was so "free";
Its idle mood and carefree style
Held my attention all the while.
I like the way Orlando wooed;
His course in love he still pursued.
I like the way the banished Duke
Still laughed in spite of all rebuke;
And Rosalind, that lovely maid—
When she into the forest strayed,
Alas! her father she forgot!
And Celia, grieved at Rose's lot,
Because her father was to blame,
Resolved that she would do the same,
And journey to the forest Arden
And dwell within some woodland garden—
Here must I stop; I was not asked
To tell of all the story's past.
If you should read it, you would know
The reason why I liked it so.

Eleanor Hayes, '31

APRIL SNOWS

The Winter fades, yet lingers on,
Just as the Summer goes.
He leaves his foot-steps on the lawn
 In form of April snows.

The Autumn rose is all that stays
When Summer flees to rest.
The rose is only for a day—
 The token of the best.

But snow in April is so gray,
So loath to bow to Spring.
It is the end of Winter's day—
 The birth of Summer's fling.

Louise Sherman, '30

THE MAN IN THE MOON

You funny old fellow,
 Way up in the sky,
Do you smile at our habits
 As the years roll by?

For centuries and centuries
 You've hung there alone;
And smiled down upon us
 Like a king on his throne.

You've puzzled us, too,
 You funny old fellow;
Are you made of green cheese
 Or fluffy marshmallow?

Clarice Babb, '31

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

When the sun's last golden ray
Dims and fades with parting day.
When the birds have sought sweet rest,
In the shelter of the nest.
Sammy Jay and Black Jim Crow,
Johnny Woodchuck, Otter Joe,
All have curled up warm and tight,
Dreaming dreams which woodfolk might,
Woods are peaceful; all is still,
When upon my window-sill,
As in African Lagoon,
Creeps the yellow harvest moon.

When o'er all the woodland scene
The moon has cast its silvery sheen,
When my room becomes so bright
With the yellow candle light,
Thru the woods there floats a song
Creepy, whistling, loud and long;
Dreary wailing, sweet refrain,
Softly first, then loud again;
Shrilly screeching, eerie tune,
Like the crying of a loon,
Hark! 'tis gone and all is still.
I have heard the whip-poor-will!

Stephen Rogers, '30



LANGUAGES

Carolyn Bragdon, '29

DANS UN JARDIN MONASTÈRE

Les derniers échos doux de l'angelus s'éteignent. Au ciel les petits nuages se dépêchent pour couvrir le soleil qui doit s'endormir bientôt. Les fleurs, rafraîchies par la brise, qui s'approche d'elles doucement, s'inclinent leurs têtes devant une reine et lentement—bien lentement, elles tombent dans un sommeil profond. La petite brise a un autre devoir. Elle va aider la lune, pâle et mince comme un seul fil d'or. Les belles étoiles d'argent et d'or accompagnent la lune. Ils sont tous présents comme s'ils désirent payer leur respect à la lune. Il n'y a pas le moindre bruit. Il y a seulement le parfum des fleurs et la brise qui vient et part.

Je m'assis dans un coin du jardin—dans un coin où il y a une profusion de fleurs et où, au clair de lune, je peux voir bien. Tout est tranquille. Tout à coup, j'entends de la musique, et à mon grand surprise, je vois debout devant moi une fleur blanche qui a l'air d'un enfant. C'est une chose si belle que je crois rêver. Mais elle commence à parler à une voix douce et musicale. Elle me dit que toutes les nuits elle garde les autres fleurs, et pendant le jour elle se cache dans l'herbe. Toute la nuit elle me parle et aux premiers rayons du jour je découvre que ma petite est une violette et elle m'a déjà quittée pour se cacher.

Ruth David, '29

LE PETIT RUISSEAU

Le ruisseau comme un enfant gai,
S'amuse sous le soleil jaune.
Il glisse et caule, reste jamais
Bleu avec des bandes d'argent.

Au travers les cailloux il va
Sous les ponts des luîches rustiques
Toujours joyeux, par-ci par-là
Il voyage dans le beau bain unique.

Il continue toujours comme ça,
Le petit ruisseau gai et joyeux.
Il roule toujours, ici et là,
Parce que c'est le désir de Dieu.

Maybelle Nute, '29

DANS LES BOIS

Il y a un sentier qui mène aux bois
Que j'aime à suivre seul beaucoup de fois.
Il m'appelle de toutes les choses de ce monde
A son cœur avec sa silence profonde.
Il m'y montre les beautés de la nature
Où rien n'est de mauvais ni de dur.

Au pied d'une colline, se trouve un ruisseau;
J'entends le frémissement de sa fraîche eau.
Et sur la rive, je regarde merveillant,
Et dans mon réverie, je reste pensant
Qu'il n'y a rien que l'homme peut jamais faire,
Si beau ou si grand que l'œuvre de Dieu.

Frances Kelleher, '29

UNE ECOLE D'ART

L'École des Beaux-Arts est une vieille école de Boston. A cette école les étudiants font beaucoup d'espèces de beau travail. Quelques étudiants dessinent, d'autres peignent, et d'autres font des robes, des paniers de roseau, et de la bijouterie. Quelques demoiselles tissent des tapis. Leurs professeurs sont de vrais artistes. Outre ces cours, il y a des cours d'anglais et d'histoire d'art.

Un jour je visitai l'école qui était très intéressante pour moi. Dans la première classe il fallait que les jeunes hommes et les demoiselles dessinassent une statue. Il me sembla très difficile mais il n'était pas difficile pour les étudiants. Ils firent de très beaux tableaux. Souvent le professeur fait voir les dessins, et après que plusieurs étudiants avaient fini, il choisit les meilleurs et ils les suspendit sur le mur. En effet sur beaucoup de murailles de l'école il y a des peintures et des croquis que les artistes ont dessinés. Ceux-ci font l'école très belle, et il y a aussi des statues dans la salle.

Une pièce m'a intéressé. C'était la pièce où l'on fait des modèles en argile. Ici il y a un modèle de la nouvelle école que l'on va faire bâtir bientôt.

L'école est en effet très belle et utile. Il y a beaucoup d'artistes fameux qui ont étudié à l'École des Beaux-Arts.

Dorothy Russ, '29

LE FANTÔME

Il y a plusieurs années, une nuit noire, il faillait que des garçons, qui retournaient chez eux très en retard, traversassent un cimetière. Comme tous les autres garçons, ceux-ci avaient beaucoup de peur de rencontrer un fantôme dans un cimetière pendant la nuit. Néanmoins, ils commencèrent à marcher, mais ils étaient très nerveux, regardant d'un côté à l'autre.

Comme ils passaient entre les tombes, subitement ils ont vu devant eux, quelque chose de grand et de blanc, qui mouvait les bras avec frénésie. "C'est un fantôme!" cria un des garçons. "Fuyons vite ou il nous saisira!"

"Non!" dit un autre. "N'ayez pas peur; nous pouvons prendre le fantôme!"

Lentement ils se sont approchés très près du fantôme. Le voilà devant eux! C'était un très grand monstre; vraiment les garçons ont pensé que c'était le diable qui visitait les cimetières pendant la nuit. Les garçons s'étaient cachés derrière les tombeaux, le cœur dans la bouche. Ils avaient beaucoup de peur. A ce moment le fantôme commença à les approcher. Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'ils ont entendu? D'où venait-il? C'était un "moo," qui venait du fantôme, qui était vraiment une vache blanche!

Il semblait que cet après-midi on a apporté dans le cimetière un nouveau tombeau, couvert de paille emmêlée qui était une combinaison de la paille et du fil entrelacé ensemble. La vache était entré dans le cimetière après l'arrivée du tombeau. Voyant la paille que l'on a liée autour du tombeau, elle désirait la manger. Mais quand elle tâchait de faire cela, il a pris les cornes dans le fil et il ne pouvait pas s'en tirer. Cette pauvre vache était le fantôme qui avait fait peur aux garçons.

Frances Kelleher, '29

LE BEAU COURS D'EAU

Il y a un beau cours d'eau dans la propriété de mon voisin. Le cours d'eau traverse les champs et les bois, et bientôt il arrivera, à la mer.

De bels arbres poussent près du cours d'eau. En été beaucoup d'enfants jouent sous les arbres. Ils aiment à jouer à l'ombre. Dans le cours d'eau il y a bien des poissons. J'aime à aller à la pêche dans ce cours d'eau de grand matin au printemps. Alors les oiseaux chantent et l'air est clair et frais. On peut attraper beaucoup de poissons à cette heure. En hiver l'eau du cours d'eau gèle et tous les enfants patinent sur la glace. Il n'y a plus de pêche et les feuilles des arbres sont tombées. Mais le cours d'eau n'a pas perdu sa beauté. Il est beau toute l'année.

John Farrington, '31

LE MATIN

Ah! que j'aime le matin du jour

Quand le soleil vient d'arriver au ciel,
Et les oiseaux chantent à voix haute,
Alors je pense à une vie éternelle.

Tout le monde est gai et joyeux,

Les petits enfants sont dehors en jouant;
Les ouvriers se dépêchent au travail,
Et au-dessus de tout est le Dieu régalant.

Winifred M. Tighe, '29

UN SOIR A LA MAISON

Un soir quand j'étais toute seule dans ma chambre, je lisais un très bon livre. C'était une histoire du temps de la Révolution française et je vous assure que c'était une bonne description de ces temps terribles. Pendant que je lisais j'ai entendu un bruit qui m'a fait trembler. Je ne savais pas ce que c'était. Encore j'ai entendu le même bruit. Il semblait être un cri. Je pensais aux pauvres gens dont je lisais et j'avais peur. Je restais dans la chaise sans bouger. Puis j'ai entendu quelqu'un frapper à la porte. Enfin, prenant mon courage à deux mains je suis descendue très doucement et je suis allée vers la porte. Je n'osais pas mettre la lumière. Je voulais courir à ma chambre encore, mais je me disais, "Non, je ne veux pas fuir, je serai très courageuse." Tout de même j'ai pris un baton. Puis, je tenais le bouton et tout d'un coup j'ai ouvert la porte, le bras élevé. Et qui est entré? C'était le chat qui avait faim et voulait entrer.

Anita A. Salipante, '31

LA MONTAGNE

Levez les yeux vers le ciel,
Regardez la montagne;
N'est-ce pas qu'un calme réel
Glisse à travers l'âme?

Toujours, elle semble être en repos;
Encore son gré puissant
Remplit le cœur d'un amour beau
De Dieu le bienfaisant.

Irene Connors, '29

QUIDQUID HOMO FECIT, FACERE POTEST

"Quidquid homo fecit, facere potest" is the motto on all our Wakefield High School diplomas. It means "Whatever man has done, man can do."

This motto should be an inspiration to all under-classmen who wonder if they will ever be graduated. Often persons who dislike school work are encouraged to press on to the highest goal, graduation, merely by thinking that if others have done it, they can. Some gain the rank of seniors with little effort, but it is not always they who will succeed in the world later, for the one who works hardest for what he attains is often the successful one in after life.

Also, the motto should encourage the graduating students who are wondering whether they are properly fitted for the work they have chosen—those who are going to college, those planning to enter business school, and those who must immediately go to work. There are many examples of persons who have succeeded in all of these various fields, and "Quidquid homo fecit, facere potest" is an inspiring motto for all to keep in mind.

Ruth E. Kent, '29

BIMILLENIUM VERGILIANUM

On the fifteenth of October in the year nineteen hundred and thirty, a great holiday will be celebrated in the little town of Mantua, Italy. A stranger, passing through the town, will notice that everyone seems to be joyous, even the dogs, and he will ask, "Why this bustle and wagging of tails?" A native will tell him that it is the birthday anniversary of Publius Vergilius Maro, the greatest of all Latin poets, and that all the Mantuans are celebrating the two thousandth anniversary of Virgil's birth.

Virgil was born in Mantua, seventy years before the birth of Christ. It is said that at the time, his mother had a dream, in which were revealed to her the great heights which her son would reach. There is another legend which says that a poplar tree sprang up on the site of Virgil's nativity.

Virgil's father was at first a servant, but he later rose to the position of a gentleman farmer. He was determined that his son should have a good education, and so he sent Virgil to school in Cremona. Here Julius Caesar had his great recruiting station and here it is thought that Virgil may have seen Caesar often.

At fifteen, Virgil put on the toga virilis (toga of manhood). Soon afterwards, he was sent to Milan to school and from there he went to Rome in 53 B. C. At that time, he was drawn from his studies into battle. In 49 B. C., after having served on the Adriatic Sea under Pompey, a very much-shattered Virgil returned again to his books.

He then made his appearance as a lawyer, but he found the call of writing greater. In 37 B. C., his "Eclogues" appeared. These were poems of the earth, the farmer and the shepherd. They told of the radiance of the seasons and of the charm of friendship. They were the rage in Rome, and were sung in all the theatres, for Virgil's music could charm every heart.

The following years Virgil spent in traveling and in brooding. He would not stay in Rome. Although a villa was offered him there, he preferred to go to his own home in Naples.

In 29 B. C. he published his "Georgics," which were the glorification of labor.

All these early writings were a prelude to Virgil's greatest work. His earliest ambition had been to write an heroic poem, which would tell of the birth and of the future of Rome. Augustus had heard of Virgil's plan and he was much in favor of it. At one time, however, he became so provoked at Virgil's slowness that he demanded him to send him what he had written of it. The great Virgil did not do so, but only implored him to give him time to write his masterpiece. At times, when the "Aeneid" did not come up to his expectations, he expressed a desire to burn it. At the time of his death, realizing the imperfections of his great work, he asked his friends to destroy it, but fortunately, they did not comply with his request.

It is thought that Virgil received his inspiration for writing the "Aeneid" when he saw Caesar's triumphant procession in honor of his victories.

Today the "Aeneid" remains for us as a monument of the patriotism, the filial love, the courage, and the valor of the Romans. Virgil lived to show us that there were other powers besides that of the sword in the Romans.

Frances Kelleher, '29

ANCHISES FOLLOWS HIS SON AENEAS

TIME: During the burning of Troy. Night has just fallen.

PLACE: Anchises' room in his palace.

CHARACTERS: Aeneas.

Anchises, his father.

Creusa, his wife.

Iulus, his son.

Servants.

(Aeneas enters his father's room to take him to safety. Anchises, unable to walk, is seated in a chair, his head bowed in his hands. Around him are grouped Creusa, Iulus, and servants. Through the window, the darkness outside is seen, broken only by sudden flares of light from the fires. Noises and shouts are heard continually throughout the play. Aeneas steps toward his father with his hands outstretched imploringly.)

AENEAS: Oh, Father Anchises, all around us the city is blazing, houses are falling, and our own home is doomed. I have seen all Troy fall like an ancient ash on the mountain top which, having been hacked by repeated blows of iron axes, and trembling from many wounds, gives one last groan and is upturned from its deepest roots. Come with me to safety, I implore you.

ANCHISES (Sadly): Nay, my son, take your flight alone while you are still in full vigor and strength. If the gods had wished me to live, they would have kept guard over me in my own home. It is enough, yes, more than enough, that I have seen one ruin and have survived one capture of the city. Too long already have I lingered since Jupiter hurled his thunder bolt at me and touched me with his fire. My death will come at the hands of the enemy; but you, my son, flee.

(During this speech, his household is suffused with tears. The servants make gestures of woe and look at one another, shaking their heads.)

AENEAS (Excitedly): What! Do you think I could go to safety and leave you at the mercy of the enemy? That I could bear the thought that soon Pyrrhus, fresh from the slaughter of Priam and his son, will cruelly snatch life from your trembling bodies and will leave you to lie in one another's blood? No! (Turning quickly and shouting to his men outside): To arms, men! Let us return to the Greeks and renew the struggle. Never shall we all die in vain today.

(As Aeneas advances toward the door, fitting on his shield, Creusa falls at his feet and extends Iulus toward him.)

CREUSA: If you are going into certain death among the hostile Greeks, my husband, take us with you that we may share your fate. Or, if you place any hope in your arms, stay and save our home first. If you go, to whom shall we, your wife, your son, and your aged father, be left?

(As she speaks thus, a light tip of flame plays about Iulus' soft hair. The astonished parents look at each other.)

AENEAS (wonderingly): It seems to come from heaven itself. (He touches the flame.) It is harmless to the touch! (Creusa is frightened and extinguishes the fire, but Father Anchises rises and extends his arms toward the sky.)

ANCHISES: If any prayers can change you, oh all powerful Jupiter, grant us this one thing: If we are deserving of righteousness, show us by a sign and confirm all things.

(There is a loud crash, and, through the window, a star is seen, drawing a trail of fire and shooting from the sky through the shadows of the night. Anchises peers through the window.)

ANCHISES: See! It is descending to the tops of the houses. How bright is its fiery trail, and how fast it darts! Now it is falling swiftly through the shadows, and, marking its way as it goes to hide itself in the woods of Mount Ida.

AENEAS: Lo, Father Anchises, it has burst into a flame, and all the places round about burn with sulphur.

ANCHISES (again extending his arms toward heaven): O God of my fathers, save my home, save my posterity. This is your sign, and Troy is under your protection. There will be no more delay; wherever you lead, I will follow and will ever be present. (The servants dry their tears, and Aeneas, Creusa, and Iulus raise happy faces toward the aged man. The curtain falls slowly until only the figure of Anchises, his arms outstretched, remains to the sight; and, after a moment, it is drawn tight.)

Josephine Spero, '29

THE LOSS OF CREUSA

CHARACTERS: Aeneas, Anchises, Ascanius, phantom of Creusa.

TIME: About 100 B. C.

PLACE: Troy.

ACT I

Scene 1

AENEAS: (Carrying his father Anchises on his shoulders): I think we have accomplished our journey in safety. (The sound of footsteps is heard.)

ANCHISES (Peering through the darkness): Flee, son, flee! Already I can see the gleaming shields and armor of the Greeks.

AENEAS: We must take refuge nearby. (Looks around, then starts fearfully): Creusa! Creusa! Where is she? (Searches for her anxiously.) Alas! what unfortunate fate has snatched her from me? Could she have sunk down by the roadside weary? The fates are surely against me. Troy is burned, we are driven from our home, and now this!

ASCANIUS (crying bitterly): Mother! Mother! Father, where is she? Is she lost?

ANCHISES: Be not disheartened. Surely, she cannot have wandered far. (To Aeneas): Retrace your footsteps, O son, we will await you here in this shelter.

(Aeneas bids them a tearful goodbye and departs.)

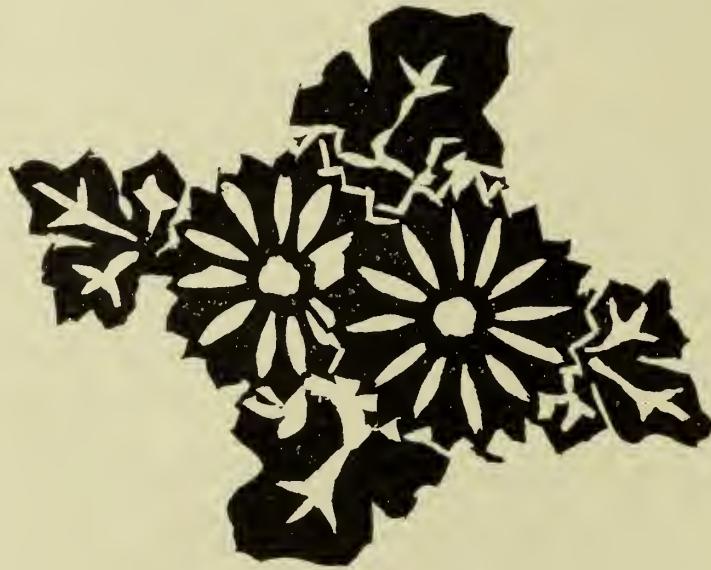
Scene 2

(Aeneas reaches the palace only to find the Greeks in full possession. He gazes sadly on the devastation and then hunts the byways for his wife, Creusa.)

AENEAS (calling): Creusa! Creusa! What is this (as Creusa appears, larger than her wont.) It is a ghost, the phantom of Creusa! Then she is dead, dead—I shall never see her again. (Weeps bitterly.)

PHANTOM: Why do you give vent to such grief, O gentle husband? You shall no longer have me as companion, but joy awaits you in the Hesperian lands. There you will find a kingdom and a queenly wife. But Venus destines me for these shores. So, farewell, weep no more, and cherish the love of our son. (She vanishes. Three times Aeneas tries to touch her, but she eludes him. Then he turns back to seek his friends.)

Irene Connors, '29



Betty Swain, '29



Caroline Stokes, '29

BOYS' BASKETBALL—1929

About fifty candidates, among whom were most of the players from last year's team, responded to Coach Shellenberger's first call for basketball. After a few weeks' practice we opened our most successful season, winning the championship of the Mystic Valley League.

The team's success is due entirely to the consistent efforts of Coach Shellenberger. The way in which he put a new morale in the team after discouraging one or two-point defeats in the middle of the season is very commendable.

The boys who played most of the games together were the following: Berg and Cadigan, forwards; Robinson, center; Dutton and Gersinovitch, guards.

Coach Shellenberger has all but five players from this year's squad returning to him next year. Moreover, a very promising group of players is coming from the lower classes; hence, next year promises another very successful season.

The schedule of the games is as follows:

Melrose	27	Wakefield	38
*Stoneham	19	Wakefield	29
*Lexington	21	Wakefield	27
*Belmont	18	Wakefield	17
Watertown	35	Wakefield	10
*Winchester	24	Wakefield	26
Watertown	24	Wakefield	22
Malden	23	Wakefield	22
*Reading	21	Wakefield	24
*Belmont	13	Wakefield	33
*Lexington	23	Wakefield	28
*Reading	23	Wakefield	26

* League games.

At this point we must mention the work of our second team.

Melrose	12	Wakefield	16
Lexington	21	Wakefield	27
Belmont	18	Wakefield	12
Winchester	22	Wakefield	17
Reading	29	Wakefield	15

Throughout the season the entire squad showed splendid spirit in co-operating with everyone. Manager Bliss gave valuable assistance at all times.

SPRING BASEBALL—1929

We are now on the threshold of the 1929 season. About seventy-five boys reported to Coaches Shellenberger and Healey when the first call for baseball candidates was issued. After a few weeks' practice the squad was cut until only thirty-five boys remained. Coach Shellenberger stated that he will keep just about this number for his squad for '29. Seven veterans from last year have reported this season.

W. H. S. has a schedule of fifteen games this year, including, among others, two games with Reading, and another with Stoneham High.

Coach Shellenberger is trying out a new system here: appointment by the coach of a captain before each game, followed by the appointment of an honorary captain at the close of the season. It will be interesting to watch how this system works.

The Mystic Valley rule that the captain shall direct the team and make substitutions is eliminated this year, and the coaches will have charge of affairs.

Everything considered, we are looking forward to a successful season in '29.

TRACK—1929

Last February our school was represented in the regimental meet at the Boston Arena by a relay team composed of Thomas Duggan, Harry Fine, Hayward Bliss, Paul Ryan, and Marc Wheeler. As the boys were not used to an indoor track, they were not among the first division winners. However, they showed much promise.

Coach Heavens called the boys out for track this spring and about thirty boys responded. Coach Heavens is eliminating outside competition, substituting instead a series of interclass track meets.

Although Wakefield has only one outside meet, it is expected that a delegation will be sent to the Mystic Valley



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Top Row, left to right—F. Dinan, J. Winslow, D. Taylor, L. Jordan, A. Gooch, R. DePamphilis
 Second Row—Mgr. H. Bliss, A. Ghibellini, W. Walsh, R. Davis, M. Seavey, S. Dearborn, W. Climo, Coach Shellenberger
 Front Row—K. Cadigan, D. Dutton, R. Robinson, A. Gersinovitch, C. Richardson, B. Berg, G. Talbot, J. Cotter



GIRLS' BASKETBALL SQUAD

Top Row, left to right—N. Devita, E. Condon, L. Sherman, Miss Bent, E. Dellinger, R. Doremus, H. Whittet
 Front Row—W. Ashenden, B. O'Connor, M. Potter, E. Orde, K. Shea, D. Chick, E. Yeuell

GIRLS' FIELD HOCKEY—1928

This year witnessed the third season in which field hockey has been introduced for the girls. There were a great number out for practice.

Last year there was a varsity field hockey squad, but this year our new coach, Miss Bent, decided to have inter-class squads.

The Seniors were victorious this season with all the classes. The following team captains were chosen:

Freshman: Joan Wheeler

Sophomore: Bessie Banks

Junior: Martha Potter

Senior: Myra Newell

The results of the games follow:

Seniors 2; Sophomores 1.

Juniors, 5; Freshmen, 0.

Seniors, 9; Freshmen, 0.

Sophomores, 1; Juniors, 0.

Seniors, 2; Juniors, 1.

Sophomores, 3; Freshmen, 0.

During the three years that field hockey has been played, the Class of '29 has never been defeated! Much credit is due Miss Bent for the fine spirit of co-operation which she has aroused among the players.

At the end of the season, each player was required to pass a hockey examination in order to receive numerals.

Marjorie Lunt, '29

FOOTBALL—1928

The Monday after school started last September, seventy-six boys reported to Coach William Healy for football training. After the squad was cut, the remaining group numbered about forty, most of whom finished the season.

Although we lost six games and tied two, we showed a remarkable improvement over the results of the 1927-28 season. Of course, the boys had a new coach in "Smiling Bill" Healy—and a wonder, too—and they had to accustom themselves to his new style of training, which formed, perhaps, the first setback. Last year's players who were coached by Mr. Healey feel assured that the coming fall season will be successful.

Wakefield loses quite a few good men this year, including Captain Wilkinson, Malcolm Ball, Richard Nason, John Hubbard, Paul Lewis, Leonard LeBlanc, Donald Winkler, David Dutton, and William Walsh.

Those men who will be back next year are Richard Hayes, Sigmund Sydowski, Leon Dulong, Robert Sparks, Donald Snowden, George Buckle, and Arthur Brown.

The results of the first-team games in simplified form are as follows:

Methuen	Wakefield
Punchard	Wakefield
Melrose 40	Wakefield 12
Woburn 13	Wakefield 0
Watertown 7	Wakefield 6
Winchester 13	Wakefield 6
Lexington 12	Wakefield 0
Arlington 0	Wakefield 0
Reading 0	Wakefield 0

The outstanding stars of last season were Malcolm Ball, Leonard LeBlanc, John Hubbard and William Walsh.

BASEBALL—1928

A few weeks after the close of the basketball season, Coach Shellenberger issued a call for baseball candidates. About seventy-six boys reported, and among these were Henry Maironey, William Walsh, Arthur Gersinovitch, John Hubbard, Mark Halloran and Wilfred MacDonald. New men who played on the varsity nine were Leonard LeBlanc, Malcolm Ball, James Rogers and Paul Lewis.

A new system was adopted whereby the captain had complete charge of the team on the field.

The results follow:

Amesbury 11	Wakefield 4
Watertown 4	Wakefield 5
Winchester 3	Wakefield 2
Melrose 9	Wakefield 2
Arlington 10	Wakefield 5
Woburn 14	Wakefield 8
Winchester 8	Wakefield 3
Melrose 13	Wakefield 5
Arlington 8	Wakefield 0
Woburn 5	Wakefield 4
Watertown 5	Wakefield 7
Reading 5	Wakefield 10

W. H. S. has seven veterans returning and should have a championship team in 1929.

Best of luck to team of '29!

Mark Halloran, '29

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team has been placed on an entirely different basis this year, and although the beginning has been small, the new system is proving satisfactory. Instead of a varsity team with six girls playing, we now have four class teams. This arrangement not only promotes a greater spirit among the girls, but also aids in improving their physical condition.

Schedules for 1928-29

Swampscott Seniors, 12; Wakefield Seniors, 34

Swampscott Juniors, 51; Wakefield Juniors, 11.

Swampscott Sophomores, 28; Wakefield Sophomores, 15.

Swampscott Freshmen, 38; Wakefield Freshmen, 13

First Inter-class Games

Juniors, 34; Sophomores, 32.

Seniors, 49; Freshmen, 11.

Juniors, 43; Freshmen, 8.

Seniors, 26; Sophomores, 28.

Sophomores, 51; Freshmen, 8.

Seniors, 14; Juniors, 16.

Inter-class winners, Juniors.

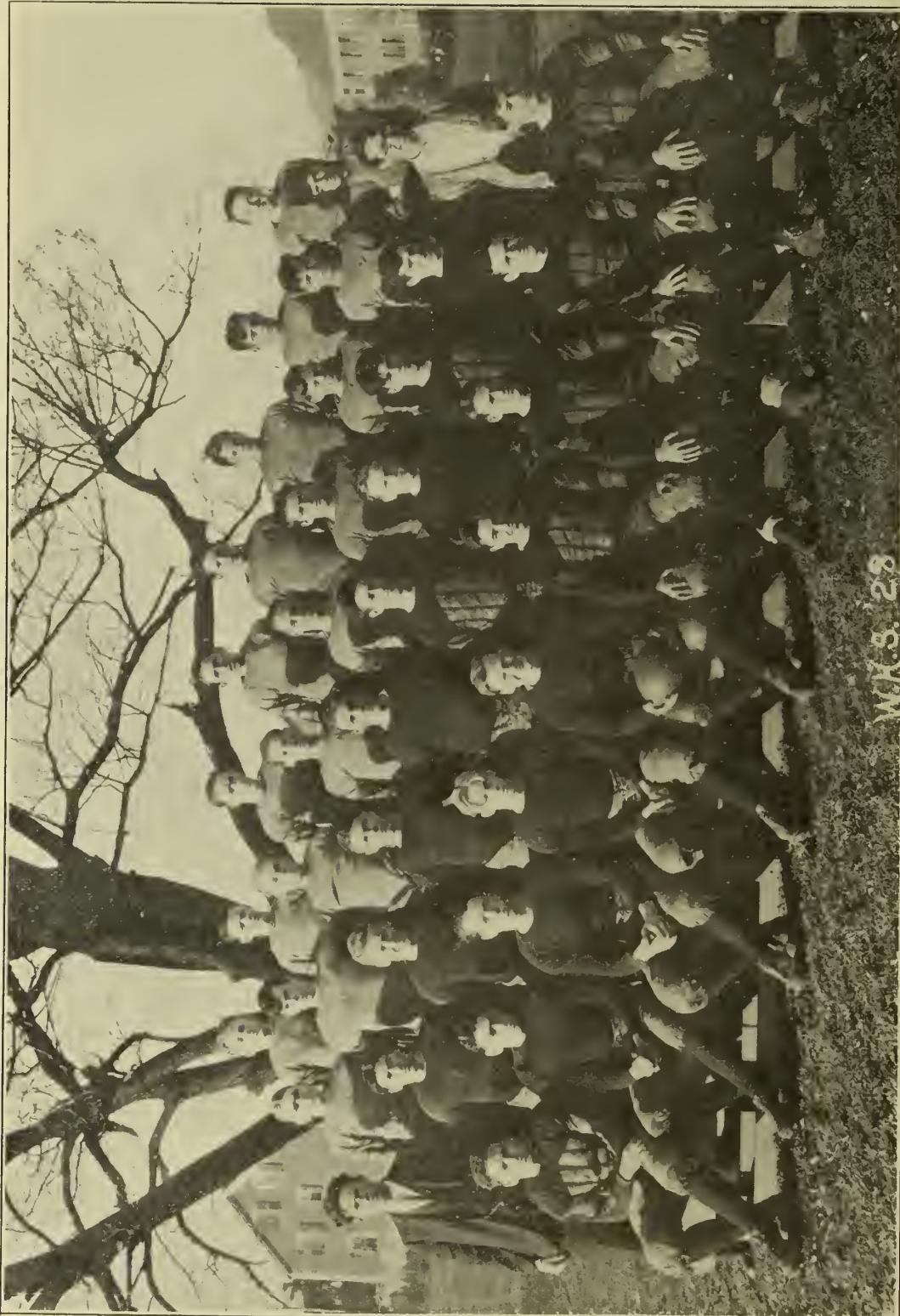
Eleanor Humphrey, '29

SPRING FOOTBALL—1929

Coach Healey is off to an early start this year in preparing for the football season next September. Candidates for spring practice were called out and about sixty boys reported. These practice sessions are held every Saturday morning in order not to interfere with baseball.

Boxing has been adopted by Coach Healey to get the boys used to bodily contact which is so necessary in football. Another form of "conditioning" includes the board talks and lectures on the rules, an arrangement which will enable him to begin immediate practice next year.

Before the spring session is over, the boys will engage in a series of scrimmages.



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Top Row, left to right—J. Buckle, E. Perry, E. Lally, H. Russell, S. Rogers, W. Climo, G. O'Keefe, G. Edson

Second Row—A. Hovey, L. Jordan, H. Bliss, A. Atwell, E. Messer, H. Hooper, F. Simpson, D. Dutton, N. Jones

Third Row—Coach Healey, L. Dulong, D. Snowdon, R. Hayes, W. Fairbanks, B. Colpitts, G. Buckle, R. Sparks, C. Melonson, H. Pratt (Mgr.)

Fourth Row—S. Sydłowski, R. Nason, D. Winkler, M. Ball, W. Wilkinson (Captain), L. LeBlanc, W. Walsh, J. Hubbard, P. Lewis



GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row, left to right—M. Garland, C. Hennessey, E. Findlay, E. Humphrey, Miss Marjorie Bent (Instructor),

M. Lunt, C. Reams, M. Reed, F. Sateriale

Front Row—L. Nardone, M. Jazukawicz, M. Ashenden, M. Newell, B. Thompson, M. Dobson, V. Osgood

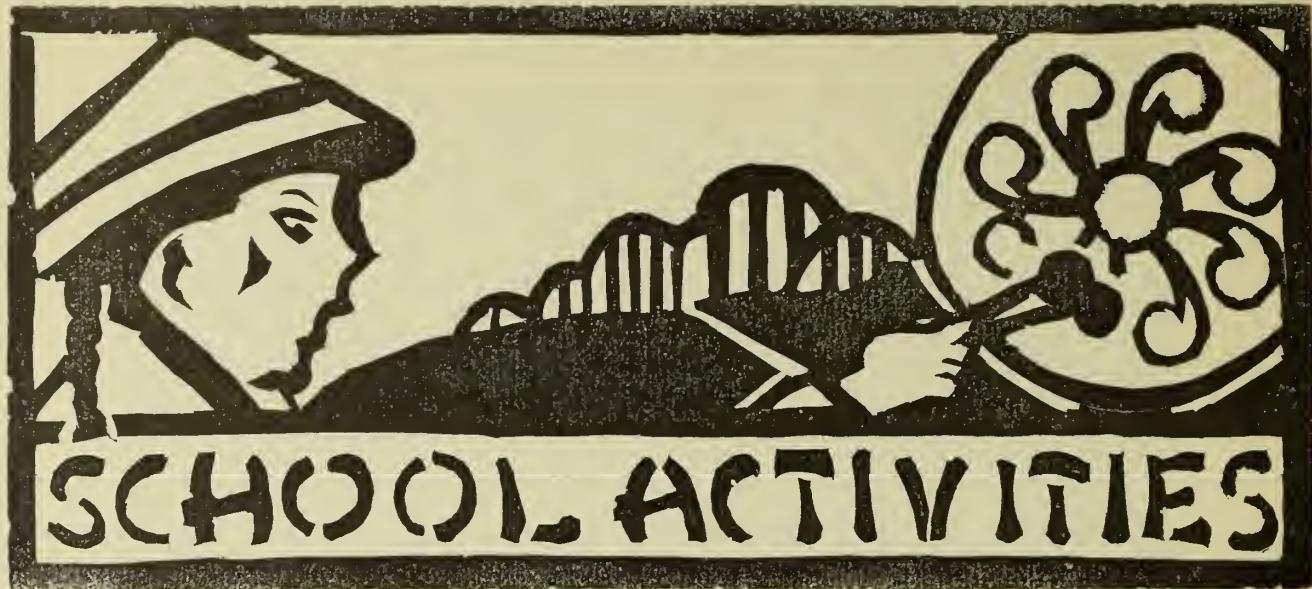


BASEBALL SQUAD

Top Row, left to right—S. Mead, G. Talbot, B. Colpitts, J. Ridley, H. Maynard (Mgr.), H. M. Shellenberger (Coach),
A. Brown, J. Cotter, H. MacDonald, W. O'Shinski

Middle Row—C. Melansen, J. Rogers, A. Gersinovitch, K. McPartland, M. Halloran, W. MacDonald, L. LeBlanc,
J. Hubbard, H. Maroney

Front Row—W. Doyle, F. Dubois, W. Dinan, W. Greaney



Marion Garland, '29

WHAT THE INTER NOS CLUB STANDS FOR

The Inter Nos Club for girls of W. H. S., which began its activities this year with the beginning of the school term, was founded last June by a group of senior girls under the leadership of Miss Helen F. Gilmore, Dean of girls. The founders of the club were Elizabeth Wells, Marion Wells, Grace Roberts, Lucia Buckle, Mary Humphrey, Eunice Wall, Alma Sanders, Winifred Skully, Eileen Fitzgerald, Dorothy Ricker, Roselle Quimby, Linda Laetsch, Carolyn Woodman, Edith Woodman, Virginia Yeuell, Anna Anderson, Doris Schofield, Edna Reynolds, Viola Barrows and Eleanor Alden. The following officers were elected: President, Elizabeth Wells; Vice-president, Anna Anderson; Recording Secretary, Edna Reynolds; Corresponding Secretary, Linda Laetsch; Treasurer, Alma Sanders; Executive Board: Lucia Buckle, Grace Roberts, Winifred Skully, Dorothy Ricker.

A club constitution was formed, which regulated dues, described the purpose of the club, and fixed time of meeting. The club was then presented to the girls of the school, who decided to carry on the plans of its founders. The nominating committee chosen by Miss Wells then elected the following officers for the year 1927-28. President, Maybelle Nute; Vice-president, Elizabeth Ridlon; Recording Secretary, Claurece Beecher; Corresponding Secretary, Eleanor McGonagle; Treasurer, Phyllis Reed.

The Executive Board is composed of one representative from each of the four classes, the freshman member being chosen at the October meeting. The present board members are Ethel Garden, Winifred Mew, Helen Stetson, Margaret Fitz.

The club voted to co-operate with Principal Peterson in upholding the standard of W. H. S., and during school hours club members hasten passing in the corridors, and strive to keep things in order. After school the girls try to discourage "hitch-hiking," or begging for rides.

The purpose of the club is two-fold: (1) To create a school spirit; (2) To broaden the mind of each girl intellectually and socially.

Activities of the Inter Nos Club during 1928-29:

(1) Established library for girls, among whose books are several stories of young womanhood written by Margaret Egglestone Owen and Margaret Slattery. (2) Sponsored Thanksgiving Dinners to be given to unfortunate Wakefield families. (3) Elected a committee of girls, "The Girls' Athletic Council," with Miss Eleanor Humphrey, chairman, and Miss Ruth Newell, Secretary, to assist Miss Bent in managing girls' athletics.

Program for Year 1928-1929

Thursday, September 20, 1928—Mrs. George W. Owen, "How Much Do I Weigh?"

Thursday, October 11, 1928—The Rev. Garfield Morgan of the Lynn Central Congregational Church, "I Have a Rendezvous with Life."

Thursday, November 1, 1928—Business Meeting.

Thursday, November 22, 1928—Miss Haskins of the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital, "Nursing as a Profession."

Thursday, December 20, 1928—Entertained W. H. S. Faculty at a Home Talent Program. Refreshments served.

Thursday, January 3, 1929—Short Business Meeting.

Thursday, January 24, 1929—Miss Alma Porter, Assistant State Supervisor of School Athletics, "Ideals in Athletics for Girls.

Thursday, February 14, 1929—Valentine Party.

Thursday, March 7, 1929—Miss Catherine Sullivan, Emerson College of Oratory, "The Opportunity My College Offers to a Girl."

Thursday, March 28, 1929—Miss Lucia Buckle and Girls from Massachusetts School of Art, Demonstrated Program.

Thursday, April 18, 1929—Business Meeting. Moving Pictures.

Thursday, May 9, 1929—Afternoon Tea for mothers of club members.

June—Annual Business Meeting and Election of Officers.

Claureece Beecher, '29, Secretary

THE MASQUE CLUB

The Masque Club, one of the most popular organizations in the school and now in its fourth year, had its first meeting on September 25th. A large group met in the library with the hope of joining the club, but as our membership was limited to fifty members, only a few having high scholarship were allowed to join, and the other applicants were placed on a waiting list.

As in previous years, meetings were held every two weeks, at which time a short business meeting was followed by some entertainment. The first social event was a Hallowe'en party on Tuesday night, October 2, in the school gymnasium. Together with the usual stunts, the new members were initiated.

On October 16, the play, **On the Park Bench**, by Essex Dane, was given before the club members. This proved such a success that it was later given before the different organizations in town.

The club was indeed very fortunate in having Miss Bernice Caswell, a member of the faculty, and Leonard Joll, a graduate of the school, for two of its speakers. Miss Caswell spoke on her Bag of Odds and Ends, at the same time presenting the club with **Short Plays from Great Stories**, a book which will be of great help to the members. Mr. Joll spoke about dramatics in B. U., a subject in which the club is extremely interested.

Two Crooks and a Lady, **Forty Miles an Hour**, and a scene from the play of **Abraham Lincoln** by Drinkwater were given by members of the club at various program meetings.

Because of the resignation of Horace Pratt, the President, and Edwin Peterson, the Treasurer, Ethel Garden and Kenneth Cadigan, respectively, were elected to fill the vacancies.

The Club also sponsored a stage model contest and a one-act play contest. Much interest was taken in these, especially in the stage models. Both proved to be very valuable and were enjoyed immensely by those who participated.

In March, it was found necessary to remove the limitation of members and to remove the scholarship requirement as well. However, only those of passing grade are eligible to take part in club plays.

The plays chosen for this year's production were **Two Crooks and a Lady**, by Eugene Pillot; **Ice Water Pl--** by Fannie Hurst, and **The Golden Doom** by Lord Dunsany. These plays offer a pleasing variety from previous years. One of the plays has been dramatized by Ethel Garden from Fannie Hurst's short story, **Ice Water Pl--**.

The members certainly thank Miss Hicks, who has given them so much of her time, and who has been a most interested and enthusiastic leader.

Officers of the Masque Club for 1928-1929
President, Ethel Garden
Vice-president, Dorothy A. Russ
Recording Secretary, Loretta Fitzgerald
Corresponding Secretary, Dorothy Whiteman
Treasurer, Kenneth Cadigan
Chairman of Programs, Natalie Rowe
Social Chairman, Elizabeth Ridlon

Loretta J. Fitzgerald, '29, Secretary

THE MASQUE CLUB PLAYS

The annual Masque Club performance on April 12-13 of this year included three one-act plays. Each play differed in type from those given in previous years.

The first play, "Two Crooks and a Lady," was a comedy in which Mrs. Simms Vane, a helpless invalid, succeeded in saving her precious necklace and her own life by arousing the jealousies of the two accomplices and by playing one against the other.

The second play, "Ice Water Pl--!" was a distinct innovation, as it was a dramatization by the President, Ethel Garden, of Fannie Hurst's short story of that name. The setting was that of a typical New York second-class boarding house, maintained by the kindly landlady, Mrs. Hauffman. The play, written in Jewish dialect, represented life in a Jewish boarding house. Miss Garden's dramatization is the first student arrangement to be performed publicly in Wakefield.

The third play, "The Golden Doom," by Lord Dunsany, was selected because of the successful performance of last year's play by the same author. This play had an Oriental setting of early Babylon. The art department, under the direction of Miss Hirst, furnished original designing. Although the Masque Club plays have gained a reputation for excellent productions in the four years of the club's activity, this program was declared the most interesting yet.

Loretta J. Fitzgerald, '29, Secretary

SENIOR PARTY

On October 25, the Senior Party was held in the High School Auditorium. The party, which was in the form of a Hallowe'en entertainment, certainly suggested that season with its ghosts, goblins, and spooks.

After the reception to the matrons—Mrs. William Sheehan, Mrs. Edgar Lewis, Mrs. Percy Nute, Mrs. Stephen MacDonald, Miss Annie Baldwin, and Miss Katherine Kelly—the grand march, led by President William Walsh and Miss Eleanor Humphrey, was formed.

During the next two hours of dancing many attractive and appropriate favors were distributed. Miss Dorothy Hartley and Harry Baldwin were awarded the prize in the spot-light dance. During the intermission the Misses Madeline and Winifred Ashenden entertained the guests with a song and dance number called "Catawanish Fancy," and a short play, "Ghosts that Walked on Hallowe'en," with a cast of Miss Eleanor Humphrey, Horace Pratt, and Kenneth Cadigan was given. When dancing was resumed, the leap year dance created much amusement among the couples.

Much praise should be given to Miss Gilmore for her valuable assistance in making the dance a success.

Eleanor McGonagle, Social Editor

HI-Y CLUB

This year the Hi-Y Club has had one of its most successful seasons. In September when school began, it had only about twelve members, but through the co-operation of the members with the officers—Harry Fine, President; David Dutton, Vice-president; Rodney King, Secretary; and Eldon Gould, Treasurer—the membership was increased to thirty-five.

Some of the special activities of the club this year are as follows:

1. Bell schedules were given out to the Freshmen.



MASQUE CLUB PLAYERS

Row One, left to right—Harry Fine, John Roach, Kenneth Cadigan, Wadsworth Allyn, Harold Hooper, Joseph Roderick
 Row Two—Earl Perry, Harvey Morrison, Burton Berg, Madeline Ashenden, Ethel Garden, Miss H. G. Hicks,
 Winifred Ashenden, Jennie Spano, Mary Landry
 Row Three—Marie Blaikie, Lena Cosman, Louise Chatterton, Robert Davis, Natalie Rowe, Barbara Thompson,
 Alice Mahoney, Elaine Yewell, Jeanne Mildram, Dorothy Stimpson
 Row Four—Maybelle Nute, Dorothy Scott, Milton Nutt, Arthur Gersinovitch, Ronald Robinson, Betty O'Connor,
 Alice Moore, Marguerite Fitzgerald, Gwendolyn Kelloway, Betty Lamprey



SENIOR PLAY CAST

Left to right—W. MacDonald, E. Garden, B. Drinkwater, J. Cotter, C. Beecher, H. Fine, F. DeFelice, L. DePamphilis,
 F. Smith, R. King, B. Walton, K. Cadigan, E. Humphrey, Miss Hicks, E. Thrush, A. Halloran

2. An Information Corps was formed to help these newcomers find their way around the building.

3. A W. H. S. Faculty Night was held.

4. Toys were collected at Christmas time to help the poor.

5. A dance was held, to which the basketball squads from Wakefield and Reading were invited.

6. The Inter Nos Club was entertained.

7. Candy was sold at the football and basketball games.

The Club has had varied programs at its weekly meetings from which the members have derived much good.

The Seniors in the Club wish next year's members the best of luck!

Rodney King, '29, Secretary

SENIOR PLAY

On November 27th and 28th, the Class of 1929 presented in the High School Auditorium, "A Prince There Was," by George M. Cohan. Both performances were well attended.

The cast of characters included:

Charles Martin Rodney King

Bland Harry Fine

Jack Carruthers Wilfred MacDonald

Comfort Agnes Halloran

Miss Vincent Elizabeth Walton

Gladys Prouty Eleanor Humphrey

Mrs. Prouty Claude Beecher

Short Kenneth Cadigan

Katherine Woods Elsie Thrush

Mr. Cricket Ben Drinkwater

Delia Leonilda DePamphilis

A messenger boy Frank De Felice

A stenographer to Mr. Carruthers Ethel Garden

Eddie John Cotter

The Staff was as follows:

Stage Manager Francis Smith

Business Manager Franklin Newman

Property Committee Marjorie Reed,

Ethel Garden, David Barry, Eleanor McGonagle

Costumes Committee Dorothy Whiteman

and Natalie Rowe

Publicity Eleanor Humphrey

Between the acts Thomas Hoag played the xylophone; Ruth Mills and Carolyn Reams gave a dance number; and Pauline Beeley, accompanied by Miss Marjorie Haeckel, sang a solo.

The Class of 1929 owes Miss Hicks a debt of gratitude, for it was through her untiring efforts that the play was made a success.

Eleanor McGonagle, Social Editor

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Starting its third successful season with thirty veterans, a total quota of forty-eight members, and a sizeable waiting list, The Boys' Glee Club has continued its creditable work. On December 12, in our auditorium, the club, assisted by Clyde Dow, reader, and Louis Amiro, pianist,—both former pupils,—presented its annual fall concert. A special attraction was an "Act of Grand Opera Up-to-date" in which several "girls" appeared to have masculine voices. This concert was attended by a capacity audience.

At Greenwood on January 11, and at Lynnfield on March 1, before large and appreciative audiences, the club repeated this concert with a few variations. The fact that

the boys were served suppers at both of these places made the concerts especially enjoyable to them.

The most ambitious musicale yet attempted was presented on March 22, in the form of a Cantata, "The Rose Maiden," by the combined Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs.

The club soloists were Frank Whitney, Harry Eaton, Ernst Wullenweber, Kenneth Worthen, Harry Baldwin, Frank DeFelice, and Norman Balcom. Albert Loubris was the pianist.

A notable fact is that the club has not only paid for its own music but has contributed one hundred dollars to the music fund of the school.

A great deal of the credit for the year's success is due to the splendid leadership of Mr. Fulton.

Norman L. Balcom, '30

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club was organized September 13, and the following officers were elected:

President, Dorothy Hartley

Vice-president, Winifred Ashenden.

Secretary, Carol Lee

Treasurer, Pauline Ericson

Librarian, Doris Chick

Assistant Librarian, Grace Grant

Later in the year as the Vice-president and Treasurer resigned from the club, Dorothy Spear and Esther Hanson were chosen to take their places.

Several members sang at the Christmas meeting of the Inter Nos Club, and on two occasions the club entertained the Kosmos Club. A cantata, *By the Sea*, was given on January 24, as the club's annual concert, and won praise for its participants. On March 22, the combined glee clubs presented another cantata, *The Rose Maiden*.

Miss Armstrong has led the club through a very successful year.

Carol Lee, '31, Secretary

THE HISTORY CLUB OF DIVISION I B

Several years ago, a Freshman History class of Mrs Cosman's organized an Ancient History Club for the purpose of acquiring further knowledge of their subject by visiting museums, collecting newspaper clippings, and reading books. The Freshman Ancient History Classes have followed their example ever since.

The officers of the Ancient History Club, "A. W. S.", class of '32 are as follows:

President: Sally Parker

Secretary: Margaret Rogers

Treasurer: Elizabeth Calbeck

The club ring is a design of the Three Monkeys with the motto, "Speak No Evil," "Hear No Evil," "See No Evil." The meetings are held every two weeks.

On Saturday, November 24, 1928, the club members visited the Boston Art Museum. In the afternoon they attended Shakespeare's well-known play, "The Tempest." A Valentine Party was held in the school library on Friday, February 15, at which games were played and refreshments were served.

With the dues, which are five cents a week, the A. W. S. plans to present a set of books to the Charles H. Howe Memorial Library, whose reference books have proved of great help to every high school student.

Margaret Rogers, '32, Secretary

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council, as we all should know, is the name given to the group of students elected from the various rooms to help the School in every possible manner. Each Senior and each Junior room has two representatives for this Council, while the Sophomore and the Freshman rooms have one. The captains of the school athletic teams and the heads of the other organizations are members ex officio. There are also three faculty advisers.

The election of officers was held at the first meeting. The following students were chosen: Horace Pratt, President, and Elizabeth Walton, Secretary. As Betty left school in December, a new secretary, Rodney King, was elected. Later, when it was found necessary to have a Vice-president, Kenneth Cadigan was chosen for this office.

This year, as usual, the Council was asked to assist in keeping the lunchroom clean, an effort that resulted in marked improvement.

At the time of writing, the Council is considering seriously the Honor Study Room Plan and the Demerit System Plan. It is hoped that both these systems may be introduced in the Wakefield High School in the near future.

The Council sent Horace Pratt and Elizabeth Ridlon as delegates to the Convention of the Associated Student Councils of Massachusetts. Valuable information was gained, and we hope it will be used to good advantage.

Rodney King, '29, Secretary

MEMBERS 1928-1929

Maybelle Nute, President of the Inter Nos Club

Ethel Garden, President of the Masque Club

Harry Fine, President of the Hi-Y Club

Charles Wilkinson, Captain of Football

Arthur Gersinovitch, Captain of Basketball

Room 02 Marcus Beebe

Room 05 Alice Clark

Room 012 Myra Newell

Room 101 Lucius Evans

Room 102 Ruth Griffin

Room 108 Paul Lazzaro

Room 109 Richard Muse

Room 110 Robert Purdy

Room 124 Ronald Robinson

Room 201 Raymond Amiro

Room 202 Arnold Dunn

Room 206 Irene Connors

Kenneth Cadigan

Room 207 Grace Grant

Room 209 Dorothy Hartley

David Dutton

Room 210 Leonard Waite

Merritt Stockbridge

Room 211 William Laughlin

Room 212 Phyllis Reed

Room 213 Milton Nutt

Elizabeth Ridlon

Room 301 Gladys Douglass

Richard Copeland

Room 302 Clarence Goldthwaite

Richard Hayes

Room 303 Dorothy Russ

Room 305 Robert Davis

Room 308	Rodney King
	Winifred Killorin
Room 309	Harvey Morrison
	John McTague
Room 311	Wendell Hovey
Room 313	Margaret Whitehead
Room 314	Jennie Smith
Room 315	Leroy Rendall
Room 316	Winifred Ashenden
	Richard Arnold

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club has had another very successful year under the direction of Mr. Cassano. Speakers have been obtained for practically every meeting. The club has grown much more popular this year including thirty-eight regular members as well as several interested persons who have come to the meetings.

On October 19, 1928, the following officers were elected:

President, Henry Bartlett

Vice-president, Myra Newell

Secretary, Kenneth Clark

Chairman of Speakers'

Committee, Dorothy Spear

Recently, the club purchased a pair of flying squirrels to be kept in Room 012. Two successful parties were held in the gymnasium, and during March an educational moving picture was given. It is hoped that in the future we will be able to have more entertainments of educational value.

Kenneth W. Clark, '31, Secretary

ORCHESTRA

For six years the W. H. S. Orchestra has been under the supervision of Mr. Jones, the director of music in the schools of Wakefield. Gradually, new instruments have been added; among these are a slide trombone, an alto horn and a Sousaphone.

For its activities, the orchestra furnished the music at the Senior Play, the Masque Club Play, and celebrated Music Week by a fine concert with the two glee clubs.

For satisfactory attendance at rehearsals and individual improvement, each member receives one credit for the year. Mr. Jones has accomplished a great deal during his supervision and should be highly commended for the improvement.

At present the orchestra comprises the following members:

Piano: Virginia Pelly

Drums: Joseph Cole, John Serrentino

Xylophone: Thomas Hoag

Sousaphone: Guy Pasqualino

Clarinet: MacGregor Tuttle

Slide Trombone: John Morse

Alto Horn: Ferdinand Haladay

Saxophone: Marjorie Messer

Alto Saxophone: Charles Stewart

Trumpet: Francis L. Brandt, George Tucker

Emmanuel D'Ambrosio

Violins: Stephen Brennan, Dorothea Davis, Joseph Guinta, Esther Hanson, Ralph Lazzaro, Alice McGrail, John Nutile, John Roberts, Louis Fine, Dorothy Spear

Marjorie E. Reed, '29



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Top Row, left to right—Maybelle Nute, Ruth Kent, Helen Stetson, Esther Hanson, Madeline Howe, Annie Spracklin,
Norma Milliner, Doris Chick, Mary Bonfanti, Barbara LeNoir
Second Row—Virginia Gilcreast, Edna Hayward, Norma Worters, Eleanor Bell, Geneva Sobylak, Naomi Dayton,
Alice McGrail, Margaret Leichner, Margaret Reilly, Leona Roulston
Third Row—Rose Assenza, Ruth Reams, Marion Dodge, Mary Bonito, Olive Fuller, Marion Hoyt, Elsie Geizer,
Bertha Vint, Miss Armstrong
Front Row—Marian Garland, Dorothy Scott, Dorothy Spear, Dorothy Hartley, Carol Lee, Grace Grant,
Madeline Greer, Carolyn Reams



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Back Row, left to right—J. Roderick, C. Hanson, C. Cunningham, L. Waite, B. Colpitts, E. Wullenweber, A. Loubris,
J. Brennan, C. Vik, R. King, F. Whitney
Second Row—F. Haladay, C. Wilkinson, E. Gould, H. Baldwin, E. Messer, J. Stokes, J. Caldwell, W. Bliss, N. Balcom,
A. Hayden, H. Hooper, M. Tuttle
Third Row—H. Fine, E. Peterson, H. Bliss, M. Nutt, E. Perry, A. A. Fulton (Director), H. Sobylak, J. Dalton,
R. Amiro, C. Sullivan, D. Marshall
Front Row—A. Woronoff, W. Farwell, H. Eaton, G. Peterson, W. Erikson, A. Hovey, F. DeFelice,
W. Hovey, R. Gerry, W. Mason

FOLLOWERS OF HERODOTUS

The Followers of Herodotus, an Ancient History Club, was founded this year by Division I D of the Freshman Class. The officers are as follows: President, Ralph Lazzaro; Treasurer, Muriel Cameron, and Secretary, Caroline Haskell. Business meetings were held in the classroom. All members of the organization wear insignia pins.

Each member is saving five cents a week to be added to Division I A's amount to buy a set of Compton's Encyclopaedias, which are to be given to the school.

Some of the members of the Class went to Boston with Mrs. Cosman to see the Shakesperian play, "The Tempest," after which they went through the Boston Art Museum.

Caroline Haskell, '31, Secretary.

THE GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB

This year, debating activities have been carried on by a small but earnest group of students under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Katherine M. McGay of the English Department. There have been five monthly meetings this year. The first meeting was a "Get-together" of old members along with the enrollment of new students. At the second meeting the following officers were elected:

President: Myra Newell

Secretary-Treasurer: Alice Moore

The next three meetings were regular debating periods, and the topics under discussion were as follows:

1. Resolved: "That commercialized sports on Sunday should be adopted throughout the United States."

Affirmative

Katherine Branthover

Alice Moore

Negative

Betty Black

Madeline Greer

The affirmative side won.

2. Resolved: "That compulsory military service leads to war."

Affirmative

Olga Pasquale

Winifred Branthover

Negative

Dorothy Stimpson

Dorothy Hartley

The negative side won.

3. Resolved: "That the U. S. should adopt a non-contributory old-age pension law."

Affirmative

Dorothy Spear

Carolyn Reams

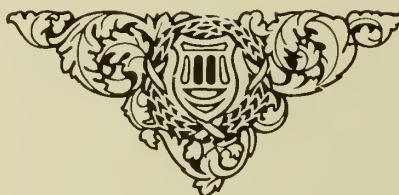
Negative

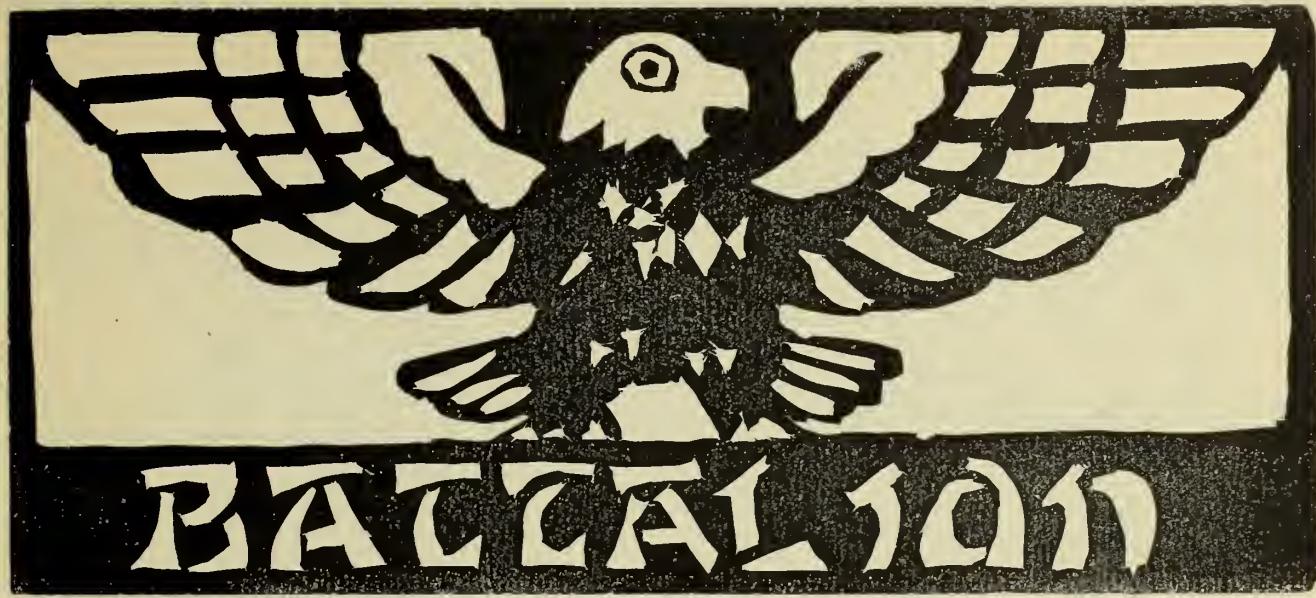
Doris Chick

Marguerite Moses

The affirmative side won.

Alice Moore, '31, Secretary





Betty Garden, '29

BATTALION NOTES

Under the expert supervision of Sergeant Monroe, this year's battalion has maintained the standard set in former years. The number of boys participating has been steadily increasing until now there are seven squads in each company. The battalion drilled on Walton Field in favorable weather and in the armory in poor weather. The interest of the boys has been most commendable.

The officers attended the R. O. T. C. balls given at Gloucester, Lowell, and Woburn, and will hold their own party on May 29. For its other activities, the battalion participated in the parade on Armistice Day and on Memorial Day. The feature of the year, the Prize Drill, will be held on June 15.

I take this opportunity to thank the officers for the co-operation which they have shown throughout the year.

Horace Pratt, '29, Major

BATTALION ROSTER

Major, Horace Pratt; Adjutant, Harry Baldwin; Supply Officer, Albert Nutile; Aide-de-Camp, George Logan.

Company A

Captain, Rodney King; First Lieutenant, Walter Doyle; Second Lieutenant, William Doran; First Sergeant, Norman Balcom; Sergeants: Milton Nutt, Ernest Messer, Ernst Wullenweber, Elton Gould, Earl Perry, Joseph Roderick, Harold Hooper, Kenneth Spaulding, Barney Miller; Corporals: Charles Richardson, Clarence Goldthwaite, Francis Brandt, John Findlay, John Serrentino, Edward Butler, Warren Cooke.

Company B

Captain, John Leone; First Lieutenant, Herbert Pinto; Second Lieutenant, Carl Vik; First Sergeant, Harry Morrison; Sergeants: Wilton Hoag, Roger Sullivan, Edward Lenner, Carl Hansen, Herbert Furness, Pepino Migliori, Leonard Waite; Corporals: Orrison Pratt, Stanley Dearborn, Lloyd Owen, Harry Russell, Wilbur Burnham, Edward Murphy, Wendell Hovey.

Company C

Captain, Edwin Peterson; First Lieutenant, Harry Fine; Second Lieutenant, Frank Whitney; First Sergeant, Ronald Robinson; Sergeants: Warren Fairbanks, Hawley Russell, George Buckle, Arthur Gersinovitch, Edward Cleary, William Greany; Corporals: Kenneth Clark, Evan Fairbanks, Loring Jordan, Lewis Hatfield, Harold Shurtleff, Chilton Hastings, James Dalton.

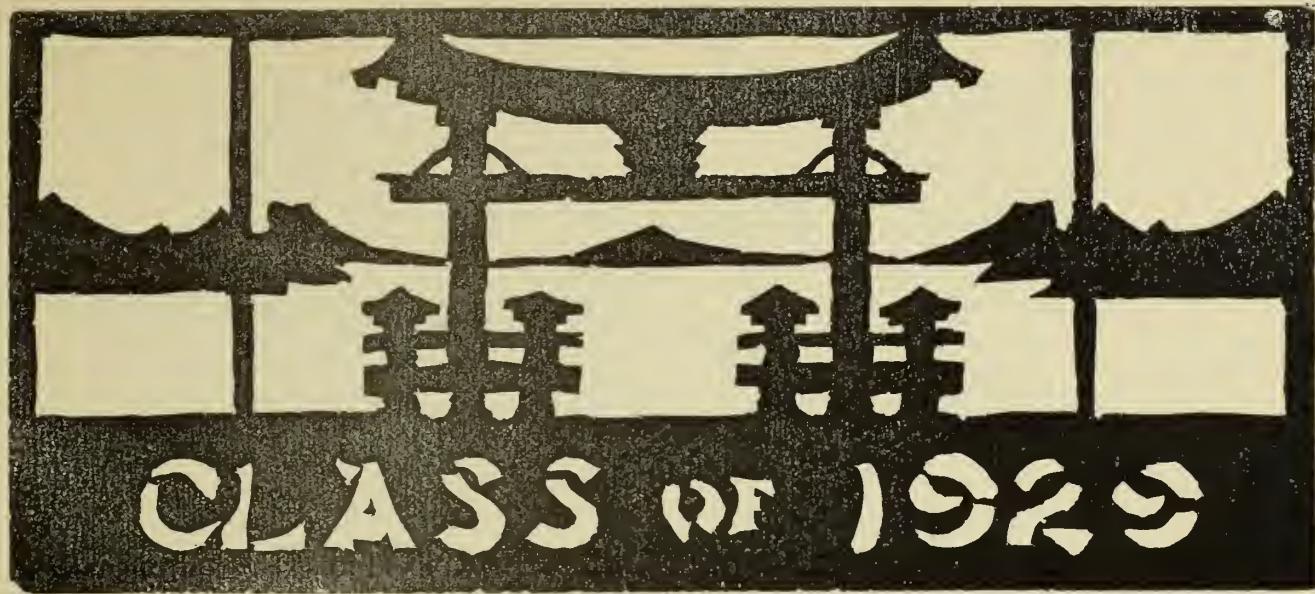
Company D

Captain, David Dutton; First Lieutenant, John Cotter; Second Lieutenant, Theodore Henshaw; First Sergeant, Chester Melanson; Sergeants: Richard Hayes, Burton Colpitts, George Moses, Richard Copeland, Baldwin Tuttle, Robert Sparkes, Donald Marshall; Corporals: William Dinan, Mark Wheeler, Clarence Doore, Guarino Benedetto, William Loughlin, Wilhelm Erikson, Richard Amiro.

BATTALION OFFICERS

Back Row, left to right—Walter Doyle, Ted Henshaw, Carl Vik, Frank Whitney, Herbert Pinto, William Dorin, John Cotter, Harry Fine
Front Row—Harry Baldwin, John Leone, Horace King, Rodney King, Edwin Peterson, David Pratt, Albert Dutton, Albert Nutile





Carolyn Reams, '29

CLASS OF 1929

Wadsworth Hamilton Allyn

Greenwood School "Waddy"
New Hampshire University
Football (3). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4). 1st Lieut. (4).
Track (3). Masque Club (4). Treasurer (2). Student
Council (1, 2).

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Madeline Ashenden

Greenwood School "Mae"
Mme. Lilla Villes Wyman
School of Dancing
Glee Club (1). Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4). Class
Hockey Team (2, 3, 4). Varsity Hockey (3). Masque
Club (4). Masque Club Play (4). Inter Nos Club (4).
Le Cercle Francais (3). Information Corps (4). Office
Corps (4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Senior Party
Committee (4). Glee Club Operetta (3). Orchestra
(1, 2, 3).

"On the light fantastic toe
Come and trip it as ye go."

Harry Donald Baldwin

Lynnfield South School "Becky"
Architect's Office
R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4). Adjutant (4). Boys' Glee
Club (2, 3, 4).

"Ease with dignity."

Malcolm Ball

Warren School "Bally"
P. G. Dartmouth
Student Council (3). Football (2, 3, 4). Baseball
(2, 3, 4). Member of Class Activities Committee for
Debater (4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Senior
Party Committee (4). Member of Traffic Squad.
Sophomore and Junior Mgr. of Basketball. Sophomore
Pin and Ring Committee. Class Basketball
(1, 2, 3, 4). Basketball (2). Reception Committee.
"To be strong is to be happy."

Ethel M. Bangs

Warren (Charlestown) Stenographer
Basketball (4). Masque Club (4).

"Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise."

David W. Barry

St. John's Prep School, Danvers "Moosh"
College
Student Council (1). Military Drill (1, 2, 3). Rifle
Team (3). Asst. Business Manager Debater (4).
Manager Properties Senior Play (4).
"A merchant of great traffic through the world."

Henry Foster Bartlett

Way School, Claremont, N. H. Northeastern University
Science Club (4). Senior Club (4). Hi-Y Club.
"But a merrier man
Within the limit of becoming mirth
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Jean Bartnick

Franklin, Lafayette "Jen"
Office Work
Library (4). Miss Gilmore's Office (4). Reception
Committee (4).
"Ambition has no rest."

Claurece F. Beecher

Hurd, Lafayette Business College
Class Pin Committee (2). Senior Play (4). Secretary
Inter-Nos Club (4).
"She taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry."

Marie Blaikie

Warren Framingham Normal
Glee Club (1). Science Club (3, 4). Masque Club
(3, 4). Debating Club (3). Masque Club Play (3, 4).
Inter-Nos Club (4). Senior Basketball Team.
"Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

Hayward E. Bliss

Wickford (North Kingston, R. I.) "Blissie"
North Kingston H. S. 1, 2, 3, and
Wakefield High School 4.
Outdoor Track (4). Indoor Track (4). Basketball
Manager (4). Football (4). Glee Club (4). Hi-Y
Club (4).
"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

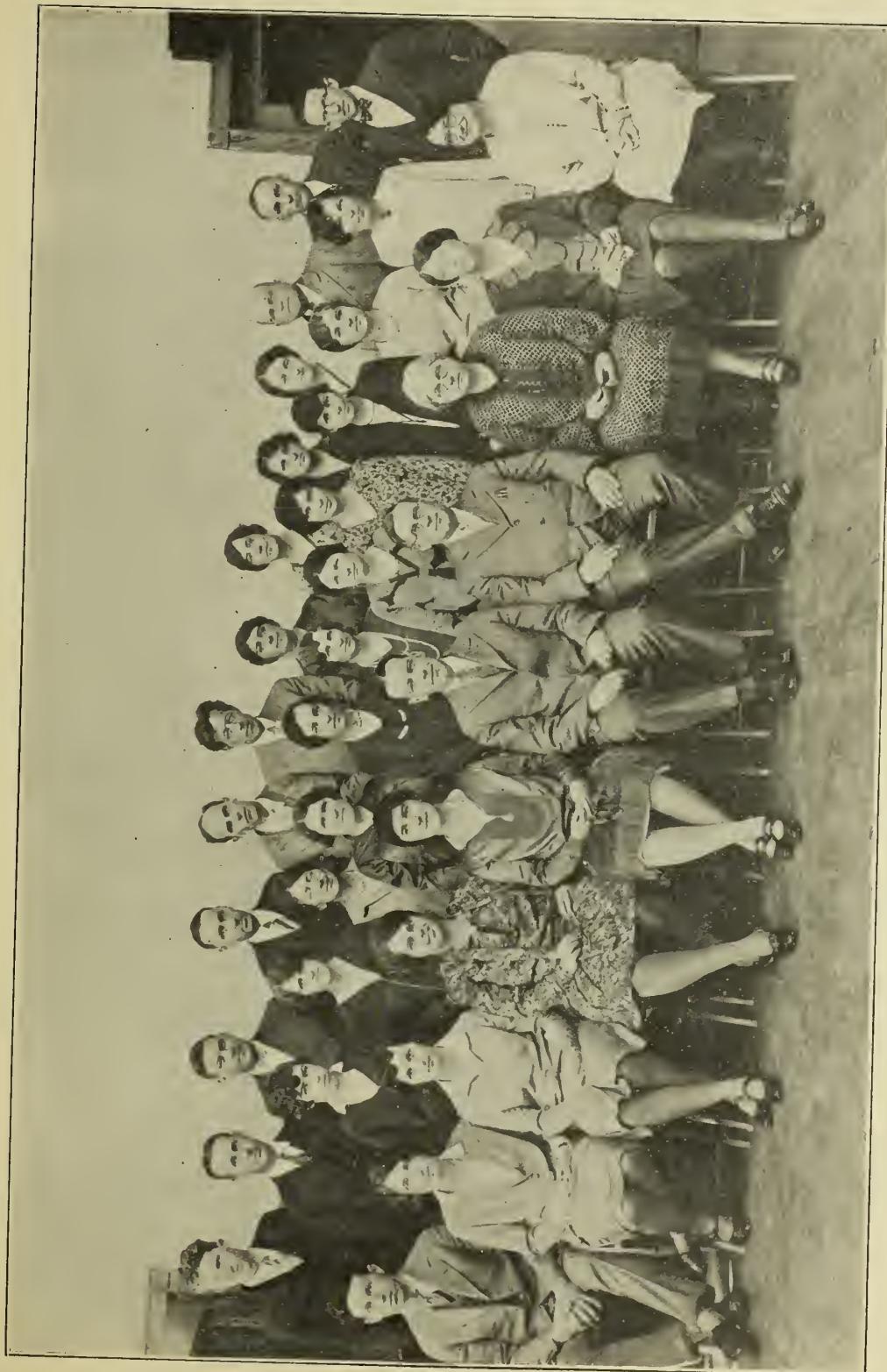
Carolyn M. Bragdon

Hurd "Car"
Work
Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4).
"Not many lives, but only one have we—
How sacred should that one life ever be."

Kenneth Harriman Cadigan Hurd	"Caddy" Office	Nancy D'Amio Lincoln School	Jackson College
R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4). Baseball (2, 4). Masque Club (4). Senior Play (4). Student Council (4). Junior Prom Committee (3). "I had a hat. It was not all a hat— Part of the brim was gone Yet still I wore it on!"	Girls' Glee Club (1). Glee Club Operetta (1). Lunch Room (1, 2, 3, 4). Alpha Beta Chi Club (2), Inter Nos Club (4). Masque Club (4). "High erected thoughts seated the heart of courtesy."		
Margaret Campbell Franklin	"Peg" Stenographer	Joseph Darling Greenwood School	"Joe"
"She has a smile for all."		"Bear up and steer right onward."	
John E. Carney Lincoln	"Nick" Work	Ruth David Lincoln School	Private Secretary or Stenographer
"Silence more musical than any song."	Pin Committee (2). Science Club (1). Household Arts Club (1). Office Work (2). "Her quietness makes us wonder what she is thinking."		
Frederick W. Chambers Lincoln	"Fred" Burdett College	Dorothea Carlyle Davies	"Dot"
R. O. T. C. (1). Lunch Ticket Selling (3, 4). Debater Staff (4). "Work of fine intelligence."	Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4). Basketball (2, 4). Class Teams, Inter Nos Club (4). "Never elated when one man's oppressed; Never dejected while another's blessed."	Warren School	Secretarial Course
Theo Christie Hamilton, Warren	Undecided		
Class Motto Committee (3). "Gentle of speech, benevolent of mind."			
Eunice Coburn Greenwood	"Euny" Boston University	Frank DeFelice Lafayette School	"Willie"
"Her chatter was most pleasant."		R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Lunch Counter (3, 4). Cross Country (2). Student Council (3). Senior Play, Glee Club (2, 3, 4). "I would be a friend of all."	Undecided
Joseph Christopher Cole South Lynnfield Grammar	"Joe" Wentworth Institute	Leonilda DePamphilis Lincoln School	"Nil"—"Lee"
R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Orchestra (4). "Sober as a judge."	Senior Class Play (4). Debater (4). Miss Gilmore's Office (4). Library (4). "There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip."		Secretary
Vera Collins Warren	"V" Simmons College	Gertrude M. Dewing Lynnfield Grammar School	"Gertie"
Science Club (3, 4). Civics Club (2). Glee Club (1). Inter Nos Club (4). Lunch Counter (2). "Speech is great, but silence is greater."	Girls' Glee Club (1). Basketball (1). "Time and the hour run through the roughest day."		Undecided
Irene V. Connors Warren	"Renus" Radcliffe College	Colman Dobson Edith Cavell School, Moncton, N. B.	"Dob"
Class Secretary (2). Student Council (3, 4). Masque Club (2, 3, 4). "Le Cercle Francais" (3). Debater Staff (4). Masque Club Play (3). "Knowledge is power."	Bentley's	"Zealous yet modest."	
John Francis Cotter Lincoln	"Travis" Boston College	Margaret P. Dobson Edith Cavell School, Moncton, N. B.	"Peg"
Cross County (1, 2). Basketball (2, 3, 4). Baseball (3, 4). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4). First Lieutenant (4). Orchestra (1, 2, 3). Senior Play (4). "You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels."	Boston School of Physical Education Class Basketball (2, 4). Varsity Basketball (3). Class Hockey (2, 3, 4). Varsity Field Hockey (3). Track (2). Office (4). Information (4). Traffic Squad (4). Inter Nos Club (4). Masque Club (4). Masque Club Play (4). "Speech is silver, silence is gold."		
Kenneth R. Crandall Lincoln	"Ken" Work	William Doran Warren School	"Bill"
Interclass Track (3). Stage Hand, Masque Club Plays (3, 4). "The tools to him that can handle them."	Drill (1, 2, 3). Lieutenant (4). "A mind serene for contemplation."	Wentworth Institute	
Cyrus Tyzzer Cunningham Woodville	"Cy" Northeastern University	Walter J. Doyle Warren School	"Gravel"
Glee Club (4). Lunch Counter (4). "He hath fed of the dainties that are bred in a book."	Drill (1, 2, 3, 4). Basketball (3). 1st Lieutenant (4). Rifle Team (3). Traffic Squad (4). "O who will walk a mile with me along life's merry way?"	Holy Cross	
Mary Curran Lincoln	"Molly" Burdett College	Benjamin Drinkwater Hurd	"Ben"
Glee Club (1). Basketball (2). "Be silent always when you doubt your sense, And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence."	Senior Play (4). Class Day Committee (4). Track. "The world is wide and holdeth many a joyous thing."	Boston University	
			College
		R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Adjutant Captain (3). Traffic Squad (3, 4). Junior Prom Committee. Senior Party Committee, Track (1, 2, 3, 4). Baseball (1, 2). Football (2, 3). Cross Country (1, 2). "And all may do what has by man been done."	

David P. Dutton Lincoln School	"Dib" Harvard	Marion Garland Montrose	
Class Basketball (1, 2). Varsity (3, 4). Football (3, 4). Student Council (2, 3, 4). Stamp Club (1). Vice-President (2). Hi-Y (2, 3). Vice President (4). Class President (3). Junior Prom Committee (3). Senior Party Committee (4). R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Lieutenant (3). Captain (4). Debater Staff (4). "We grant he had much wit."	Basketball (1, 2). Glee Club (1, 3, 4). Hockey (4). Track (3, 4). Masque Club (4). Tennis (4). Baseball (4). "The noblest mind the best contentment has."	Massachusetts Art School	
Winston Eaton Lincoln	"Skinny" Undecided	Elsie M. Geizer Greenwood	"EI" Music
Track squad (1, 2). Junior Prom Committee (3). "The most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed."	Basketball (1). Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Operetta (3). Inter Nos Club (4). Glee Club Cantata (1). "A silent companion of the lonely hour, a friend who can never alter nor forsake."		
Francess Louise Fessenden Lincoln	"Fran" Stenographer	Albert Ghibellini Lincoln	"Smoke" Undecided
Science Club (1). Hockey (2). Inter Nos Club (4). "Courage with softness, modesty with pride."	Orchestra (1). Basketball (4). "He was a veray parfit gentil knight."		
Catherine Findlay Greenwood	Salem Normal or Burdett's Inter Nos Club (4). "Desire not to live long, but to live well."	Charlotte T. Gould Warren	"C'lotta" Framingham Normal School
Inter Nos Club (4). Hockey Team (4). "When (lib) erty is gone Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish."	Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Inter Nos Club (4). Information Corps (2). Reception Committee (4). Operetta (3). Cantata (4). "The past unsigh'd form and the future sure."		
Elizabeth Findlay Greenwood	"Lib", "Betty" Burdett's	Elizabeth H. Gould Lincoln	"Betty" Framingham Normal School
Inter Nos Club (4). Hockey Team (4). "When (lib) erty is gone Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish."	Glee Club (1). Science Club (3, 4). Inter Nos Club (4). Cantata (4). "Her cheeks like apples which the sun had redded."		
Harry Fine Lincoln	"Abie" Bryant & Stratton or Northeastern	Agnes Halloran Lincoln School	"Snitz" Stenographer
Stamp Club, Sec. (1). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Lieutenant (4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Hi-Y Club (2, 3). President (4). Track (2, 3, 4). Information Corps (3, 4). Booster Staff (3). Basketball (3). "Fire Prince" (3). Traffic Squad (4). Senior Party Committee (4). Masque Club (4). Student Council (4). Senior Play (4). Inter-Class Basketball (4). Debater Staff (4). Cantata (4). Masque Club Plays (4). "Duty by habit is to pleasure turn'd."	Stamp Club, Sec. (1). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Lieutenant (4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Hi-Y Club (2, 3). President (4). Track (2, 3, 4). Information Corps (3, 4). Booster Staff (3). Basketball (3). "Fire Prince" (3). Traffic Squad (4). Senior Party Committee (4). Masque Club (4). Student Council (4). Senior Play (4). Inter-Class Basketball (4). Debater Staff (4). Cantata (4). Masque Club Plays (4). "Duty by habit is to pleasure turn'd."	Wakefield High Senior Play, Glee Club Cantata. Freshman. "Of softest manners, unaffected mind."	
Loretta Fitzgerald Warren	"Fitzie" St. Elizabeth's Hospital School of Nursing	Helen Harper Franklin School	Salem Normal
Glee Club (1). Operetta (1). Class Basketball (1). Motto Committee (2). Masque Club (2, 3, 4). Recording Secretary (4). Masque Club Plays (3). Traffic Officer. (4). "Anything but history, for history must be false."	Motto Committee (2). Glee Club (1). Class Basketball (1, 2). "A light heart lives long."		
Olive Fuller Montrose, Lafayette	"Ollie" Dentist's Assistant	Dorothy Viola Hartley Gatun, Canal Zone	"Dot" Nurse
Inter Nos Club (4). Glee Club (1, 4). Cantatas (4). Science Club (3, 4). Lunch Counter (3, 4). Usher at Senior Play (4). "We wish you happiness in the future."	Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Secretary (3). President (4). Debating Club (4). Inter Nos (4). Science (3). Vice President (3). School Council (4). Football Banquet Committee (2). Debater Staff (4). Masque (4). Main Office Assistant (4). Library Assistant (4). Information Corps (3). Operetta (1, 3). Lunch Counter (2, 3). Junior Prom Committee (3). Senior Party Committee (4). "Her merry way makes her loved by everyone."		
John Almante Gallucci Franklin	"Gull" Wentworth Institute	Albert Hayden Woodville	Northeastern University
"Earned with the sweat of my brows."	Boys' Glee Club (3, 4). Pin and Ring Committee (2). One of the stage managers for the operetta. "Neatness is a true virtue in life."		
Louise Betty Garden Everett	"Betts"	Catherine Hennessey Montrose	Stenographer
Basketball (4). "A place in the ranks awaits you."	Hockey Team (4). "With dancing hair and laughing eyes."		
Christie Ethel Garden Lincoln	Burdett	Ruth Hoag Warren and Lincoln	"Hoagie" Undecided
Glee Club (1). Color Committee (2). Information (2, 3, 4). Office Corps (3, 4). Masque Club (2, 3, 4). Chairman Social Committee (3). President (4). Play (3, 4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Booster Staff (3). Inter Nos Club (4). Senior Play (4). Debater Staff (4). "Knowledge is, indeed, that which next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another."	Basketball (1, 2, 3). Sophomore Color Committee. "She who is good is happy."		
		Charles P. Hogg Greenwood	"Charlie" Boston Co-operative Bank
		Science Club (1). Football (2, 3). Traffic Squad (4). "Appetite comes with eating."	

Marion Frances Hoyt West Ward, Warren and Lafayette Inter Nos Club (3, 4). Girls' Glee Club (4). Art Club (4). "Our toils are crown'd with sure success."	"Blondie" Undecided	Rodney W. King Warren Stamp Club (1, 2). Hi-Y Club (2, 3). Secretary (4). Masque Club (4). Class Color Committee (2). Student Council Secretary (4). Senior Play (4). Football (3, 4). R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Lieutenant (3). Captain (4). Class Day Committee (4). Officers' Party (3, 4). Track (4). "A king's name is a tower of strength."	"Rod" P. G. then M. I. T.
John Patrick Hubbard Franklin School Varsity Football (2, 3, 4). Varsity Baseball (2, 3, 4). Class Basketball (2, 3, 4). Member of Debater Staff (4). Senior Party Committee, Class Gift Committee, Masque Club. "A little more sleep and a little more slumber."	"Hub" or "Spinach" Cushing Academy	Emil Kulacz Franklin Inter-class Basketball (4). "Seek not to know tomorrow's doom."	"Mill"
Eleanor Humphrey Warren School Basketball (2, 3, Captain 4). Class Day (4). Pin and Ring Committee (2). Masque Club (3, 4). Masque Club Play (3). Senior Play (4). Inter Nos (4). President Girls' Athletic Council (4). Hockey (4). Baseball (3, 4). Library (3). "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."	"Hump" Bridgewater Basketball (2, 3, Captain 4). Class Day (4). Pin and Ring Committee (2). Masque Club (3, 4). Masque Club Play (3). Senior Play (4). Inter Nos (4). President Girls' Athletic Council (4). Hockey (4). Baseball (3, 4). Library (3). "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."	Catherine Lally Lincoln School Girls' Glee Club (1). "The only way to have a friend is to be one."	"Pat" Stenographer and Typist
Marion R. Jazukiewicz Greenwood Inter Nos Club (4). Masque (4). Class Hockey (2, 3, 4). Varsity Hockey (3). Information Corps (4). Glee Club (1). Usher at Senior Play (4). Class Day (4). President Skating Club (4). Baseball (3). "Coquette and coy at once her air."	"Jazz" Gym School or Chandler Secretarial School	Elizabeth W. Lamprey Greenwood School Masque Club (2, 3, 4). Le Cercle Francais (3). Masque Club Play (3, 4). Class Basketball (3). Office (3). Information Corps (4). Inter Nos Club (4). "She wears the rose of youth upon her cheek."	"Betty" Normal School
Catherine G. Keefe Franklin Debating Club (4). Glee Club (1). Class Basketball (1). "I will be the gladdest thing under the sun!"	"Keefy" Nurse	Leonard J. LeBlanc Lincoln School Science Club (1). R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Class Basketball (2, 3). Varsity Basketball (4). Baseball (3, 4). Football (4). Senior Play, Stage Manager. Class Day Committee. "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet."	"Lee" "Prep" School
Frances Kelleher Lynnfield Centre Grammar School "We think a happy life consists in tranquility of mind."	"Fran" Boston University, C. L. A.	Maybelle Lee Greenwood School Glee Club (4). Science Club (4). "The most certain sign of wisdom is a continued cheerfulness."	Undecided
Ernest Kelloway Greenwood Cross Country (1). R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Civics Club (1). Basketball Squad (3). Basketball Inter-class (2, 4). Track Inter-class (3). "A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning."	"Cal" Massachusetts Agricultural School	Mary Lennon Hurd School "What's the use of worrying? It never was worth while!"	"May" Stenographer
Gwendolyn H. Kelleway Greenwood Masque Club (2, 3, 4). Masque Club Plays (3, 4). Inter-class Hockey (3). Inter Nos Club (4). Information Corps (4). Main Office (4). French Club (3). "True wisdom is the price of happiness."	"Gwennie" Simmons College or Deaconess Hospital for Training	John M. Leone Franklin School Orchestra (1, 2). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4). Lieutenant (3). Captain (4). "A place in the ranks awaits you, Each man has some part to play."	"Mike" Suffolk Law School
Ruth E. Kent Warren Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Operetta (3). Inter Nos Club (4). Motto Committee (2). Information Corps (4). Reception Committee (4). "This done, she sung and caroled out so clear That men and angels might rejoice to hear."	"Rufus" Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School	Emily Lewis Greenwood School Class Basketball (1, 3). Inter Nos Club (4). Glee Club (1). "W" for Football Tickets (2, 3). "W" for Baseball Tickets (2, 3). Office Corps (1, 2, 3). "A sweet, attractive kind of grace."	Radcliffe College
Winifred J. Killoran South Lynnfield Ring and Pin Committee (2). Basketball (1). Glee Club (1, 2). Operetta (1). Masque Club (2, 3, 4). French Club (3). Science Club (1). Debater Staff (4). Student Council (4). Information Corps (4). Masque Club Play (4). "Her face is illuminated with her eyes."	"Winnie" Emmanuel College	Paul Elliot Lewis Greenwood School Football (3, 4). Basketball (2, 3, 4). Class Treasurer (2). Vice-president (3, 4). Lunch Counter (3, 4). Student Council (2, 3). "An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow."	"Duffy" or "Swede" Tilton Academy
Dorothy Liljestrom Warren School Glee Club (1, 2, 3). Ring and Pin Committee (2). Inter Nos Club (4). Football Banquet Committee (2). Substitute for Information (4). Basketball Lunch (4). Class Day Committee (4). "She is a friend indeed, who proves herself a friend in need."		Dot Boston City Hospital Training School	



Back Row, left to right—R. Yenell, H. Shellenberger, J. Cassano, R. E. Fisher, H. Heavens, A. Preble, M. Ryan, I. Hirst, E. Armstrong,

Middle Row—F. Ruoff, M. Jones, E. Pattee, E. Cosman, K. Kelly, M. Bunker, A. Meserve, B. Caswell, L. Guillow,
T. Fletcher, D. Kohl, R. Dowler

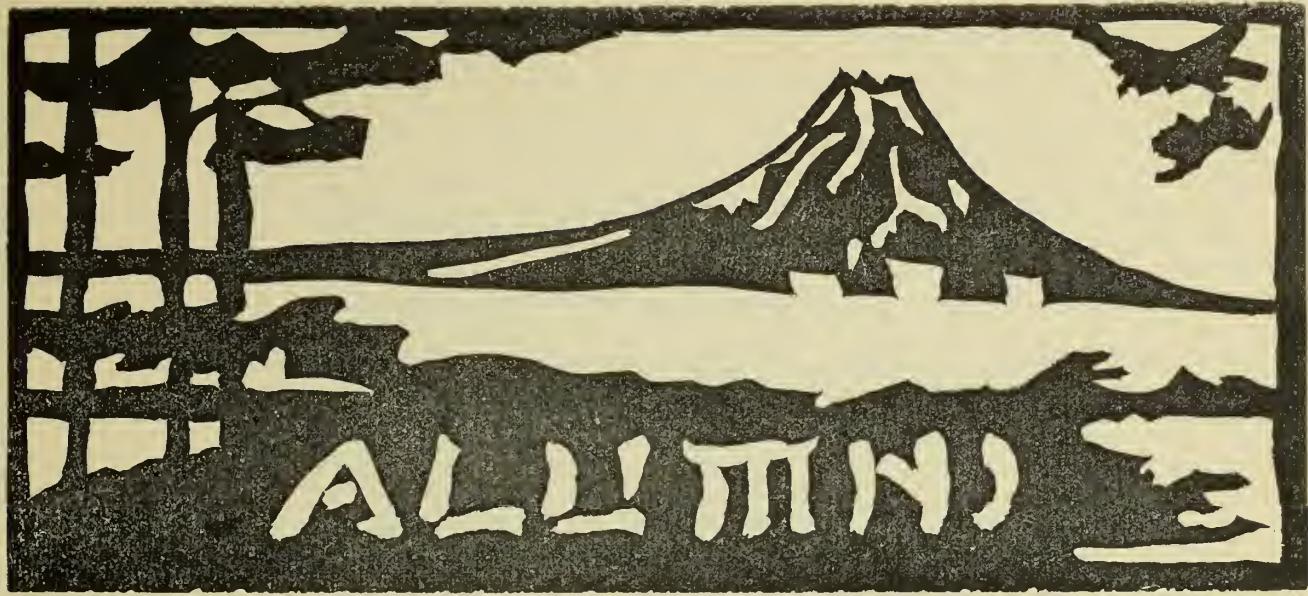
Front Row—W. Healey, E. Sullivan, M. Bent, H. Hicks, A. Ryan, R. Kinder, Principal C. J. Peterson, H. Gilmore, A. Potter, H. Dunning

FACULTY

Marjorie E. Lunt Lafayette School	"Marge" Bridgewater Normal School Class Varsity Basketball (3, 4). Girls' Glee Club (1, 2). Operetta (1). Service Corps (4). Masque Club (4). Inter Nos Club (3, 4). Class Varsity Hockey (2, 3, 4). Library Assistant (4). Assistant Squad Leader (4). Senior Skating Club (4). Class Day (4). "Whatsoever she did became her."	"Midie" Posse Nissen
Wilfred MacDonald Warren	"Mickey" Undecided Student Council (1). Baseball (2, 3, 4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Senior Party Committee (4). Senior Play (4). Class Basketball (3, 4). Senior Class Treasurer (4). Debater Staff (4). "None but himself can be his parallel."	"Tina" Boston University
John F. Mahoney Warren	"Jarve" Boston College Senior Lunch-Room Committee. Usher at Reception of Class of '28. Debater Staff. "Poets utter great and wise things which they do not understand themselves."	"Mabe" Bryant & Stratton, Simmons
Eleanor McGonagle Warren	"Jeff" Simmons College Glee Club (1). Hockey (2, 3). Masque Club (2, 3, 4). Masque Club Plays (2, 3, 4). Junior Prom Committee. Senior Play Committee. Senior Party Committee. Traffic Squad (4). Debater Staff (4). Corresponding Secretary of "Inter Nos" (4). "The blush is beautiful, but it is sometimes inconvenient."	Lunch Counter (2, 3, 4). Student Council (2, 3, 4). French Club Secretary (3). Glee Club (3, 4). Vice-president (3). President Inter Nos Club (4). Masque Club (4). Glee Club Operetta (3). Booster Staff (3). Class Secretary (4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Senior Party Committee (4). Information Corps (4). Library Assistant (3). Office Corps (3, 4). "Most learned of the fair, and most fair of the learned."
Christopher McKeon Franklin	"Chris" Work "The fame that one earns himself is best."	"Al" "Nute" Crave for Adventure R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4). First Lieutenant (4). "A dry jest, sir . . . I have them at my finger-tips."
Jeanne E. Mildram Greenwood	"Jeannie" Western College, Oxford, Ohio Masque Club (4). Masque Club Play (4). "Oh, bless'd with temper whose unclouded ray Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."	"Ike" Printer Roger Oicles Woodville Orchestra (1, 2). "A gentleman is often seen, but never heard, to laugh."
Ruth Mills Greenwood	"Ruthie" Stage Glee Club (4). Science Club (4). "And when she danced!"	"Vernie" Posse-Nissen Physical School Verna Osgood Maplewood Grammar, Malden Class Basketball (1). Captain (2). Varsity Basketball (3). Class Basketball (4). Hockey (2). Captain (3, 4). Class Track Team (2). Color Committee (2). Inter Nos Club (4). "For she was of the athletic sort."
Alma Morse Greenwood	"AI" Work Field Hockey (2). Baseball (3). Basketball (1, 2, 3). Captain Junior Class Basketball Team. Information (3). "She speaks and acts just as she ought."	"Dutch" Business School Loretta Palmacci Warren "Happy am I, from care I'm free, Why aren't they all contented like me?"
Marguerite Moses Hurd School	"Mark" Framingham Normal Debating Club (3, 4). Science Club (3). Inter Nos Club (4). Miss Gilmore's Office (3). Basketball Lunch Committee (4). Reception Committee (4). "In maiden meditation, is fancy free."	"Blondy" Undecided Earl Parsons Greenwood "The good man is a friend to himself."
Louise M. Nardone Franklin	"AI" Bouvé Physical Training School Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4). Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4). Track (3, 4). Inter Nos Club (4). Girls' Debating Club (4). "Clever and witty; in all a good sport."	"Pete" Burgett's Edwin Peterson Warren Football (2, 3). Stamp Club (1). Hi-Y (2). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Operetta (3). Cantata (4). Lunch Counter (3, 4). Assistant Manager Baseball (2, 3). Manager (4). Senior Play Committee (4). Masque Club (3). Play (3). R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Lieutenant (2, 3). Captain (4). "Ready to do anything for the good cause and the right."
Richard B. Nason Melrose High School	"Dick" Andover Football (4). "In friendship I was early taught to believe."	"Mae" Undecided Mary A. Powers Warren Girls' Glee Club. "Think on the means, the manner, and the end."

Horace G. Pratt Greenwood	"Pratty"		"Dottie"
R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4). First Lieutenant (3). Major (4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Senior Party Committee (4). President of Masque Club (4). Student Council (3, 4). President of Student Council (4). Rifle Team (3). Track (2). Manager of Football (4).	Chemical Engineer	Warren School	Undecided
"A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the best of men."		Student Council (4). Class Pin and Ring Committee (2). Service Corps (2, 3). Information (2, 3, 4). Library (3, 4). Girls' Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Operetta (3). Masque Club (4). Inter Nos Club (4). Traffic Squad (4).	
		"A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind."	
Carolyn Marquis Reams Greenwood	"Kelly"	Freda M. Shultz Ellis School, North Cambridge	Secretary—Study for Musical Career (Piano)
Glee Club (3, 4). Operetta (3). Debating Club (4). Inter Nos Club (4). Science Club (4). School Council (3). Football Banquet Committee (2). Hockey (2, 3, 4). Captain (2). Track (3). Captain Baseball (3). Dean's Office Assistant (4). Library Assistant (4). Debater Staff (4).	Stage	"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."	
"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, and every gesture dignity and love."			
Florence Reardon Montrose, Lafayette	"Chum"	Francis L. M. Smith Greenwood Grammar	"Smitty"
Masque Club (4). Debater Staff (4). Basketball (3). Office Corps (4). Cheer Leader (4). Girls' Glee Club (2). Operetta. Inter Nos Club (3, 4).	Business School	Wentworth	
"Comfort have thou of thy merit, Kindly, unassuming spirit."		Color Committee (2). Masque Club Play Stage Crew (4). Operetta Stage Manager (3). Stage Manager Senior Play (4).	
		"These little things are great to little men."	
Marjorie E. Reed Greenwood	"Marge"	Geneva Cecelia Sobylak	"Gen"
Glee Club (1). Color Committee (2). Student Council (2). Masque Club (2, 3, 4). Masque Club Play (2, 3). Class Hockey (2, 3, 4). Varsity Hockey (3). Information Corps (3, 4). Office Corps (3). Class Basketball (4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Senior Party Committee (4). Inter Nos Club (4). Debater Staff (4). Traffic Squad (3, 4). Senior Play Committee (4).	Simmons College	Franklin School	Stenographer
"In small proportion we first beauties see, And in short measures life may perfect be."		Glee Club (3, 4). Fire Prince (3). Rose Maiden (4). Debating Club (4).	
		"Through seas of knowledge, we our course advance."	
Janus Ridley South Lynnfield	"Unk"	Dorothy A. Spear Hurd School	"Dot"
Booster Staff (3).	Undecided	Color Committee (2). Orchestra (2, 3, 4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Operetta (3). Science Club (4). Debating Club (4). Inter Nos Club (4). Masque Club (4). Debater Staff (4).	Cushing Academy
"Men of few words are the best men."		"How sweet and fair she seems to be!"	
Natalie Rowe Hurd	"Nat"	Sally Sperber Rochambeau School, Dorchester	"Sal"
Girls' Glee Club (1). Inter-class Hockey (2, 3). Masque Club Play (3, 4). Senior Play Committee (4). Chairman of Program Committee Masque Club (4). Inter Nos Club (4). Main Office Assistant (4). Information Corps. (4). Miss Gilmore's Office (4).	Burdett	Lesley's Kindergarten School	
"Neither careless, nor too sad, Nor too studious, nor too glad."		Sales Ticket Clerk (4). Office Clerk (4). Inter Nos Club (4).	
		"In goodly garments that her well become."	
Dorothy A. Russ Warren	"Dot"	Josephine Spero Hurd School	"Jo"
Glee Club (1). Student Council (1, 4). Pin and Ring Committee (2). Class Hockey Team (2). Masque Club (3, 4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Senior Party Committee (4). Lunch Counter (4). Inter Nos Club (4). Debater Staff (4). French Club (3).	Undecided	Boston University, Special Student	
"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"		Glee Club (1). Student Council (2). Class Color Committee (2). Inter Nos Club (4). Reception (4.)	
		"Music is the poetry of the air."	
Frances Elizabeth Sateriale Franklin	"Fran"	Jennie Muriel Spano Franklin School	"Jen"
Basketball (2, 3, 4). Baseball (3). Hockey (3, 4). Track (2, 3). Orchestra (1, 2, 3). Glee Club (3). Inter Nos Club (4). Office (3). Sales Clerk (4).	Work	Information (3). Glee Club (3). Science Club (4). Masque Club (4). Masque Club Play (4). Art and Craft Club (4).	Mass. Normal Arts
"She smiles, and smiles, and will not sigh."		"A happy soul."	
Caroline Stokes South Lynnfield	"Carrie"	John Sullivan Lincoln School	"Sullie"
Glee Club (1, 2). Masque Club (2, 4). Class Basketball (1, 2, 4). Class Hockey (2, 3).	Simmons College	Baseball (1, 2). Basketball (3); Inter-class Basketball (4).	Undecided
"A goodly mixture of wit and reason."		"Beware of those who are quiet; they spring surprises."	
Beatrice F. (Farello) Swift	"Bea"	At Home	
Lynnfield Ctr.		Girls' Glee Club (2, 3). Debating Club (3).	
"Let me live in my house by the side of the road, And be a friend to men."			

Barbara Thompson Greenwood Grammar School	"Barb" Framingham Normal Class Hockey (2, 3, 4). Varsity Hockey (3). Information Corps (3). Basketball (3). Masque Club (2, 3, 4). Masque Club Play (3, 4). Inter Nos Club (4). Science Club (3). Glee Club (1). Reception Committee (4). French Club. (3).	Marion E. White Greenwood Business College Information Corps (1, 2, 3, 4). Office Corps (1, 2, 3). Miss Gilmore's Office (2, 3). Class Hockey (2). Base ball (3). Glee Club (4). Masque Club (4). Inter Nos Club (4). Debater Staff (4). Senior Party Committee (4).	"Marna"
	"Better be out of the world than out of fashion."		"Whate'er she does is done with so much ease In her alone it's natural to please."
Elsie I. Thrush Warren School	Boston University Girls' Glee Club (1). Student Council (2). Pin and Ring Committee (2). Class Secretary (3). Junior Prom Committee (3). French Club (3). Traffic Squad (4). Masque Club (4). Science Club (4). Inter Nos Club (4). Senior Play (4). Senior Party Committee (4). Debater Staff (4).	Dorothy Arlene Whiteman Reading Junior High School Boston School of Interior Decorating	"Dot"
	"I am the very pink of courtesy."		Glee Club (1). Student Council (1). Masque Club Play (3, 4). Senior Play Committee (4). Class Vice-president (2). Inter-class Hockey (2, 3). Office Corps (4). Class Day Committee (4). Masque Club 3, 4). Corresponding Secretary (4). Miss Gilmore's Office (4). Information Corps (4).
Winifred M. Tighe Hurd	"Winnie" Radcliffe College Class Motto Committee (2). Debater Staff (4). "Beholding the bright countenances of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies."		"Every delay is too long to one who is in a hurry."
Florence Lillian Tuttle Lynnfield Center Grammar School	"Flossie" Undecided Class Ring and Pin Committee (2). "True happiness (if understood) Consists alone in doing good."	Charles William Wilkinson Poland School, Winchendon Northeastern University Class President (2). Football (2, 3, 4). Captain (4). Captain of Traffic Squad (4). Glee Club (3, 4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Student Council (3, 4). Pin-Ring Committee (2). Class Colors Committee (2). Class Motto Committee (2).	"Bill" "The man who blushes is not quite a brute."
Carl W. Vik Montrose	Bentley School of Accounting R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4). Second Lieutenant (4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Class Motto Committee (2). Debater Staff (4). "On their own merits modest men are dumb."	John F. Williams, Jr. Lincoln Wentworth Institute Stage Hand (3). Class Color Committee (2). "Almost to all things could he turn his hand."	"Jack"
William J. Walsh Lincoln	"Billy" Prep School Class Pin and Ring Committee (2). Football (2, 3, 4). Basketball (2, 3, 4). Baseball (2, 3, 4). Class Treasurer (3). Junior Prom Committee (3). Class President (4). Senior Dance Committee (4). Class Day Committee (4). Reception Committee (4). Debater Staff (4). "Histories make men wise."	Donald Winkler Hurd M. I. T. Football (3, 4). Hi-Y Club (2, 3, 4). "He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."	"Wink"
			"Al" Undecided "My tongue within my lips I rein For who talks much must talk in vain."
		Ruth Worters Faulkner School, Malden	"Rufus" Undecided "A maid of quiet ways."



Loretta Fitzgerald, '29

CLASS OF 1863

When the twelve members of the class were informed that at the end of the year there would be graduation exercises and presentation of diplomas there was great rejoicing—incitement to study to fulfil conditions.

At different times the committee would visit the school, listen to declamations and essays. Then, in order to test the ability of the pupils, give out subjects, ask a few to write on them, read their efforts aloud, a trying ordeal.

The members of the class were bound together, aiming to do credit to the Principal, Mr. Porter, who endeavored to advance the interests of his pupils.

On April 29, 1863, the graduating exercises were held in the old town hall, which was filled with parents and friends, an eventful occasion.

Each member had a part in the program. The salutatory and valedictory parts were assigned by Mr. Porter; the former to the writer, the latter to Miss M. E. Mansfield. Later a gift was presented to Mr. Porter as a token of love and appreciation.

The members later assumed various duties. One became a clergyman, another a physician, another served our town for many years as treasurer. On December, 1867, came the sad news that Mr. Porter had been killed in a railroad accident in Ashtabula.

There are but four members living: Rev. E. C. Sweetser, Miss M. J. George, Mrs. M. E. Marshall.

(Mrs.) Laura L. Eaton Keith

CLASS REUNION OF CLASS 1903

On Wednesday evening, June 13, 1928, the class of 1903 celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. Caterer Serler served a banquet at seven o'clock to forty-seven members and guests, including Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, and a former teacher, Lester H. Hart, and Mrs. Hart of Malden, as special guests.

Questionnaires were read from practically every member of the class, causing much amusement and interesting information. The original prophecy, by the late Willard S. Laverty was read. Mr. Peterson and Mr. Hart spoke in-

formally.

Great hilarity followed when the class pictures were shown on the screen.

Mr. Peterson took the party on a tour of inspection through the building.

The original class numbered 51, of which 29 members were present.

ACTIVITIES OF W. H. S. GRADUATES OF 1919

Dr. Francis Maguire, President of 1919, is practising dentistry in Randolph, Massachusetts.

Ida Low Harrington, Vice-president of 1919, is living in Waltham, where her husband is in business.

Margaret Anderson Purrington, Secretary of 1919, is living in Maine, where her husband is an instructor in the preparatory school for Bates College.

Leo F. Douglass, Treasurer of 1919, has made quite a reputation in professional football in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Oliver W. Howland is still serving in the army. After his return from a long stay in Germany, he was sent to the Philippines. He is now married and living in Texas.

James G. Brown is one of the executive force in the Harvard Knitting Mills. He still has great interest in military affairs, particularly in sharpshooting contests where he is noted for his high marksmanship. He and Gladys Purdy Brown, have two sons.

Olive Bouvé DeWolf has recently returned from a trip abroad and is now living here in town.

Alice Doyle is assisting her father in several capacities in his contracting work in Wakefield.

Charles J. Doyle, Jr., is in business with his father. He is active in Elks' affairs in town.

Agnes Burrage is secretary to the Manager of Kresge's Store in Boston.

Ruth Butler Van Wagner is living in Malden.

Raymond Batten is working in the Revere Sugar Refining Plant in Charlestown.

Mary Gibbons is private secretary to H. G. Paine of Paine, Webber of Boston.

Lillian Lofstrom Clements has returned to Wakefield after a long stay in the South.

Mary Kelly Fox is living here in Wakefield and has two sons, James and William.

Katherine Kelly is teaching English in the High School.

Dorothy Prescott Harris is living in Wakefield and is the proud mother of three children.

Margaret Duggan is working in a Boston and Maine office.

Ralph Reed is one of the traffic experts at the General Electric in Lynn. His work takes him all over the United States and Canada.

Dorothy Woodman Perkins devotes her time to bringing up her two children and pleasing Wakefield audiences with her appearance in amateur theatricals.

Jackson Gilson is employed as bookkeeper in the lumber concern of A. T. Locke, Wakefield.

Marjorie Sawyer Seaward is still in California and sends word her two children are doing well.

Edith Jones Sansom may be seen any day riding about town with her attractive child.

Marion Galvin Hickey is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, John.

Gardner Clemons is living in Reading now, and is with his father in his law office in Boston.

Thomas Magee sells insurance and real estate to people of Wakefield.

JOINT REUNION

Thursday evening, December 27, 1928, the joint reunion of all the classes was held in the Wakefield High School Auditorium. The committee was composed of the officers of the last five graduating classes. All the alumni were invited and about two hundred and fifty attended.

The object of the joint reunion is to bring all the classes together at one time instead of having the different classes meet separately, thus assuring a larger attendance and a better time. Any money earned by these reunions goes to the Elizabeth F. Ingram Scholarship Fund.

Dancing and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

Carl Vik, '29

GRADUATES OF THE CLASS OF 1928

Kendall Abbott	Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass.
Eleanore Alden	At Home
Anna Anderson	Clerk, Wakefield Water Department.
Lois Allen	Boston University, P. A. L.
Viola Barrows	Burdett Business College
Mary A. Bilicki	Salem Normal School
Violet Blaikie	Sargent School
Elizabeth Bonney	Simmons College
William Bradford	Wentworth Institute
Boit Brannen	Huntington School
Lucia Buckle	Massachusetts School of Art
Sanborn Caldwell	Massachusetts Agricultural College
Phyllis Cann	Bridgewater Normal School
Annie Cardillo	At Home
Kenneth Carothers	Boston University, C. B. A.
Lucia Carter	New England Sanitarium and Hospital Training School
Emily Chadbourne	N. E. Insurance Exchange Stenographer
John Climo	Geo. H. Dean Co., Printer
James T. Cotter	Boston College
David Crandall	Clerk, Bowser & Co.
Milledge Crouse	Dartmouth College
Arthur Harold Decker	Huntington School
Dorothy Doucette	At Home
Kathryn B. Dutton	Abbot Academy
Eva Eldredge	Chandler Secretarial School
Eileen Fitzgerald	Lowell Normal School
Chandler Foss	Burdett College
Lawrence Gardner	Bowdoin College
Rocco Giaquinta	Salesman, The McCall Co.
Eleanor Giles	Perry Picture Co., Office Work
Eleanor Gleason	Simmons College
Margaret Greany	Clerical, F. Holland Chamberlain, Inc.
Grace Hayward	J. B. Thomas Hospital (Nurse)
Mark Halloran	R. H. White Co.

Viola Hovey
Mary Humphrey
Gertrude Hopkins
Harry Iram
Carolyn Jakeman
Christine Kirmes
Linda Laetsch
Mary Lazzaro
Edna Lennox

Susie Leone
Caroline Lepore
Edward Liljestrom
Eleanor MacIntosh
Eloyse MacTeague
Madalene MacWhinnie
Harry Maynard

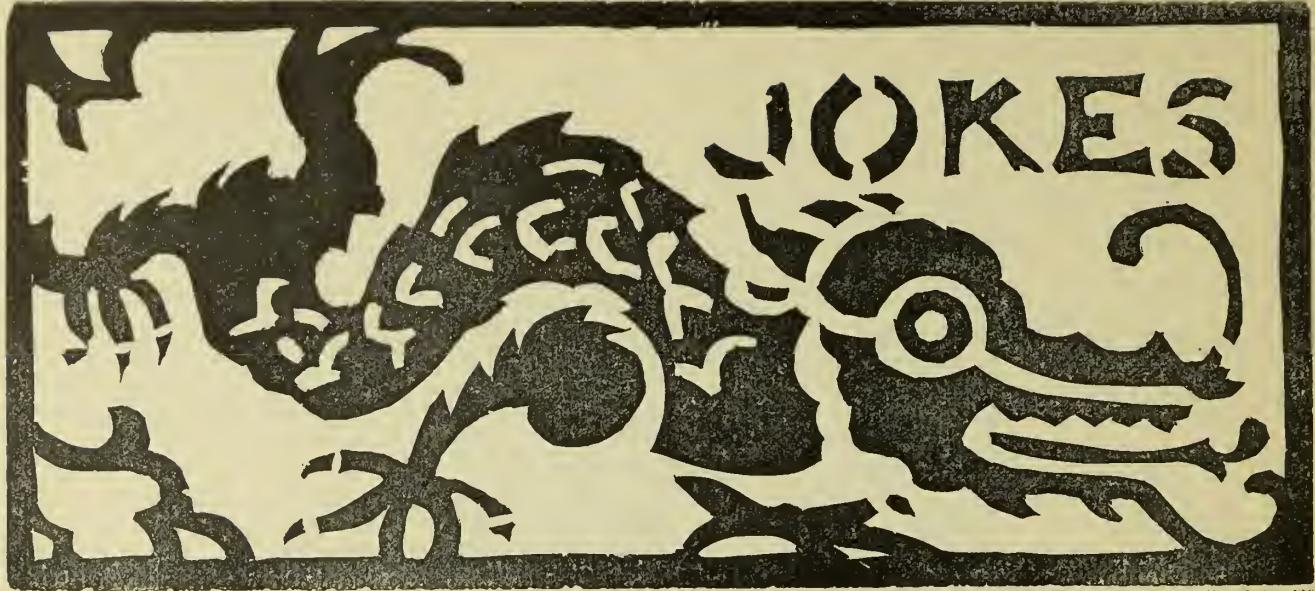
Hope McCloskey
Florence McManus
Margaret Moore
Mildred Moore
Harold Mugford
Sophie Muscovitch
Rita Neagle
Rachel Olmsted
Everett Packard
Ruth Parker
Belinda Peard
Ethel Purdy
Eloise Randall

George Reid
Gertrude Reilly
Edna Reynolds
Frank Rich
Dorothy Ricker
Grace Roberts
Marion Russ
Helen Salipante

Alice Sargent
Edna Sayers
Doris Schofield
Roland Shanahan
Muriel Shea
Beatrice Sheldon
Lester Simpson
Elizabeth Smith
Annie Thistle

Gladys Tucker
Franklin Tuttle
Henry Vik
Eunice Wall
Joseph Walsh
Frank Welin
Elizabeth Wells
Robert White
Arthur Wiley
Carolyn Woodman
Virginia Yeuell

Wheaton College
Posse Nissen
Lynn Hospital (Nurse)
Asst. Boys' Secretary, Y. M. C. A.
Radcliffe
Burdett College
Typist, John Hancock Ins. Co.
American Oil & Gasoline Co.
Stenographer, Bythewood & Robie,
Oil Brokers
Lowell Normal School
Typist, Jordan, Marsh Co.
School of Museum of Fine Arts
Bridgewater Normal
Stenographer, Tung-Sol Sales Co.
Simmons College
U. S. Naval Academy Preparatory
School
School of Museum of Fine Arts
Salem Normal
N. E. Conservatory of Music
Howard Seminary
Lincoln Institute Night School
Durand's Co.
B. U. College of Liberal Arts
At Home
Wentworth Institute
Bryant & Stratton
Stenographer, A. A. Bishop & Co.
Stenographer, Ginn Publishing Co.
Stenographer, Underground Cable
Co.
Bentley School of Accounting
Hickox Secretarial School
Burdett College
U. S. Naval Training School
Burdett College
Boston School of Interior Decorating
Mass. School of Art
Bookkeeper, Stenographer, Henney
Service Station
John Hancock Life Ins. Co.
Choate Memorial Hospital (Nurse)
Stenographer, N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co.
F. H. Smith Co.
Salem Normal School
Bryant & Stratton
Suffolk Law School
Mass. School of Arts
Stenographer, London & Lancashire
Indemnity Co.
Lowell Normal School
Tufts College
Mass. Agricultural College
Posse Nissen
Burdett College
American Institute of Banking
Simmons College
Mr. J. Woodland, Painter
Cushing Academy
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Maybelle Nute, '29

THE GREAT DELUSION

A Short Short Story

It was in the early days of radio—the days when the DX bug was abroad in the land, uncontrolled. William had been severely smitten. With zealous enthusiasm he turned nights into days in his little back-yard shack graced by the name of Laboratory. He thought, dreamed, and talked of little else but Wireless.

On this particular warm spring night William, with a youthful friend also named William, was endeavoring frantically to clear the ether of that crackling and sputtering which was practically the only thing that kept the art of profanity alive in this period.

Said William to William: "D'ya think we c'n get Chicago t'night?"

"I dunno," William replied; "I —— listen!"

With feverish intensity they strained their ears to catch a faint wisp of sound. Far away, somewhere, some horrible jazz was being played. To William and William it seemed the sweetest symphony they had ever heard. They turned dials and slid tuning contacts, tinkered with the "do-funny" and adjusted the "what-you-ma-call-it," but to no avail. They couldn't seem to amplify the elusive sound.

Suddenly the racket ceased. This must be Chicago! Then, from the open window of the house next door, a high-pitched feminine voice:

"Play that record again, will you, Bob?"

Orison Pratt, '29

Mr. Peterson (in assembly): "If you don't go to the lecture you'll miss it."

Waddy: "But how'll she know you're here?"

Ben: "Oh, I'll just let the motor run—she'll recognize the knock."

Mr. Fulton: "What's the matter? Don't you know the question?"

Walsh: "Yuh, but I don't know the answer."

Connie Doyle: "Do you get those worms in pairs?"

Mr. Cassano: "No. They come in apples."

THE DIARY OF A W. H. S. BOY

(With apologies to Judge Shute)

October 1

Brite and fair. I had all my lessons done so another feller and me paid checkers till the teacher cot us and took the checkers away. We woodn't of cared but she give us a p. m. slip 2. At recess I busted a milk bottle an everyone yelled at me. I dont care what of it. I hope it dont rain tomorer I want to go to the show its Dead shot Dan and the injuns.

October 5

Rainin lik time and I didn't feel lik doing nuthin so I did it. Everyone was wetter than mud puddle and there was a funny smell in the room lik rubber burnin. The phone rang while we were studyin histry and it wanted me. I went down stares and got an our for raisin time in music. There wasn't no cents in goin rite back so I walked arond the building till I saw Mister Peterson comin' down the hall. Soon as I saw him I ducked and beat it back to histry.

October 11

Clody but warm. Walked to scoul a diffrent way an I past a candy store so I went in an bot sum an didn't have no lunch. I was eatin my candy in French an the teacher called on me to talk as I had my mouth ful. I coon't do nuthin so I tried to swaller it but it woodn't go down. The teacher told me to sit so I sat. After class she gave me 2 ours. Thats about the steenth slip I got an if I keep it up I may be champeen. There was a new gurl in scoul today and I hung arond but she woodn't look at me. I dont care. There ain't any scoul tomorrer cause its Columbus day. He discovered America on a ship. No more today.

October 20

Its just lik summer today everybody is out in their shirt sleeves. I just that of somepin my English teacher sed last yer. She sed to lern a knew wurd every day so I'm doin it. Today I lerned insouciant witch means I dont care. For instance if somebody dyed that I didn't no then I'd be insouciant—I don't care. Nuthin happened in scoul today accept I walked in a room when I was taken the attendance slips when they were saying their prayers an I got balled out.

October 32

I mean November 1. It is november now, the leafs are all read and orange and gold pretty soon they will fall an it will be thanksgivin an no scool an turkey. Scool is alrite but I lik thanksgivin better. I didn't do nothing in scool today, but the teachers didn't no it so they didn't call on me. I forgot today is brite and cold.

Winston Eaton, '29

Logan: "Have you any perfumed paper?"

Pinto: "Yes; how much do you want?"

Logan: "None, I just wanted to smell of it."

Miss Kelly: "Give a sentence using the word 'bewitches'."

Walsh: "Go ahead—I'll bewitches in a minute!"

Fine: "Do you get good service from your fountain pen?"

Winkler: "'Bout nineteen themes to a gallon."

Ball: "Is football your favorite game?"

Betty: "No. I prefer wild turkey on toast."

"Where did you get those wonderful eyes?" she cooed.
Balcom: "They came with my face."

Coach Healey: "Any experience?"

Frosh: "Yeah, I was hit by a truck two years ago."

OVER THE COUNTER

by

MUSTY DOOITT

Duffy Lewis, who thinks he's a musician because he has drums in his ears, wants to be a magician when he grows up. Already he can drive his car into a driveway.

Friend Brownie went inter Cohen's Hat Shop last week ter buy a new lid. "It's a nize fit," sez Brownie; "but suppose my ears get tired?"

Mahoney's always thinking of a good joke. He can't keep his mind off himself.

The school soldier boys held a shootin' match last week. Sergeant Messer ordered his detail to fire at random. Private Doyle waited two hours and even then he didn't see Random.

Law McMaster, who runs a booth down the alley, sez he did a rushing business at Valentine time. Robinson, Eaton, Cadigan, E. Messer, and Pratt, all bought a dozen to "The Only Girl I Ever Loved."

Gwennie Kelloway, who is now driving a car, is terribly riled against the men drivers. She claims they're road-hogs. We'd always give Gwennie half the road if we knew which half she wanted.

Barbara Thompson suffered a severe jolt yesterday. She attended a Greenwood rummage sale, and as she laid down her hat, somebody sold it for 35c.

O. Pratt says—"A Junior is a person who waits for a Freshman to come along and push the revolving door."

Hen Bartlett is still a-tremble from his visit in the wilds of Greenwood last week. He lost his way four times and twice he was pursued by Parsons' gang and their Jack-o'-lanterns. The best thing he ever saw in Greenwood was the train for Wakefield.

Johnnie Cotter kept Mr. Shellenberger's wrench a whole hour one day. Johnnie said the wrench had its owner's name, "Pat-Pending," right on it.

Dibby Dutton is always talking of his Uncle Ebenezer, of Tweedleberry, Maine. Dibby says that during the World War, Ebenezer was the first to go to the front-window and cheer the soldiers as they passed down the street.

Speck McKeon has joined a lodge—the Melvin Street Yodelers. The lodge offers \$7.00 a week to members who are sick, but no matter how hard he tries, Speck can't get sick.

Have you all noticed that Owen takes longer steps when he has his Sunday shoes on?

J. L. M., '29

THE QUESTION

?

"Why did you steal that chicken, boy?"

The question was implied.

"Ah nevah stole no chicken, Judge,"

Our hero had replied.

"Ah nevah stole 'at chicken, Judge,

Ah found him on the knoll,

He was layin' on bofe ears, Judge,

So ah takes him for a stroll.

"Ah nevah stole no chicken, Judge,

Ah nevah poached no aig,

Although ah likes fresh chickens, Judge,

Especially de laig!

"Why was ah by dat hen coop, Judge?

Down upon my knees?

Why, ah was just a-listenin', Judge,

To see if chickens sneeze."

"Then you're acquitted, my good man."

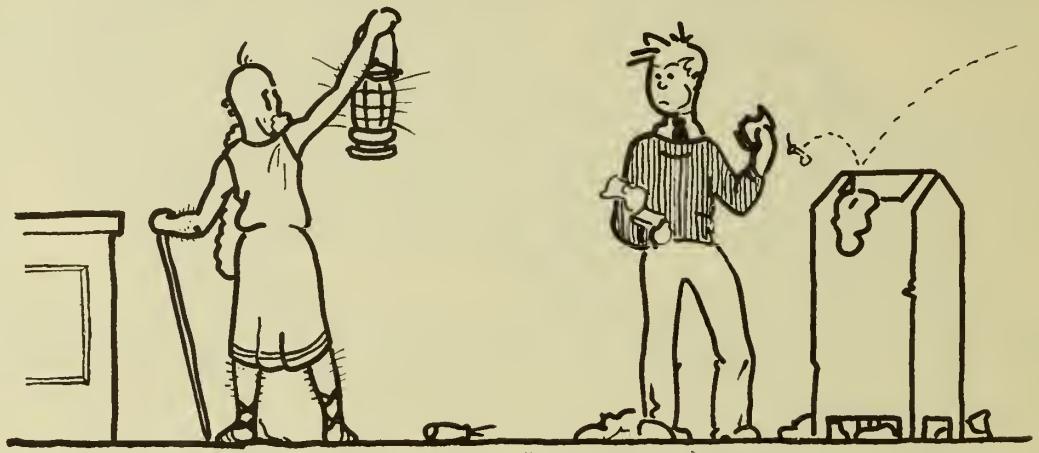
"Whassat mean, ah ask?

Does 'at mean ah have to have,

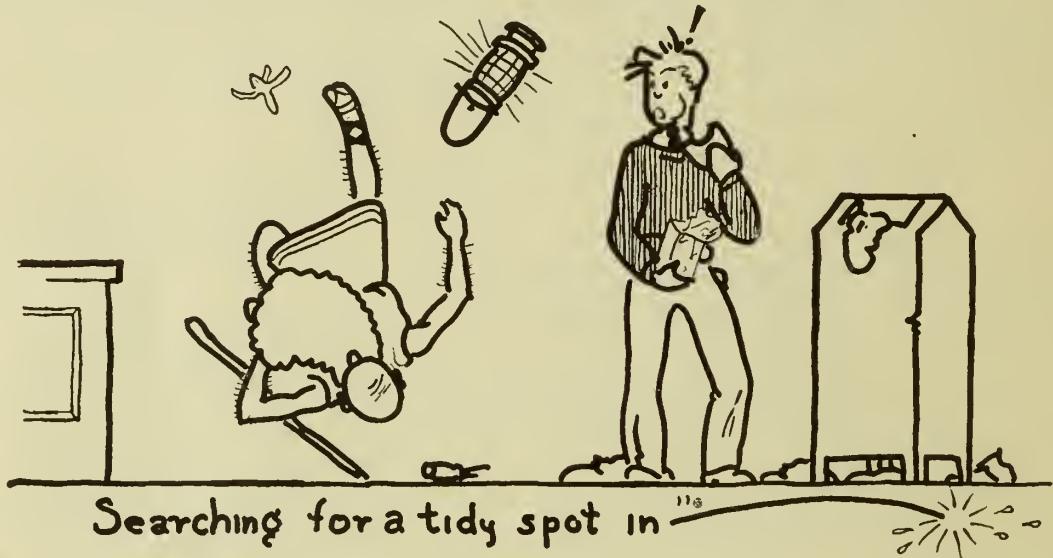
At tough ole chicken back?"

Albert Ghibellini, 29, and Roger Oicles, '29

Concerning the Lunch-Room



"What ho, Diogenes?" "Humph! Wast merely"



Searching for a tidy spot in

Great Oaks from Little Acorns
Grow—Likewise What Might Not
From a Few Sandwiches or Papers

ALPHABET

A's for Miss Ashenden, "Queen of the Ball",
Whose wonderful dancing is known to us all.

B's for Ball, our football hero,
Who proved a jinx for many a foe.
B's also for Bartlett, so sweet and so bold;
His name with the hero's will yet be enrolled.
Miss Beecher, Miss Bartnick, we must not forget,
But give them a prize for the beaux they can get.

C is for Connors, ye "ed" of this book,
She translates her Latin with hardly a look.
C's also for Cadigan, so cute and so small,
We hope when he's married he'll try to grow tall.

And D is for Doyle, that small little blonde,
Although he likes hockey, of Latin he's fond.
D is for Dutton, the shark of the class,
Half of us wish we could so easily pass.
Next we have Duggan, that wild he-man,
Who does what he thinks and knows that he can.
And then we have Doran; it surely is queer,
When oral day comes, he seldom is here!

E is for Eaton, a gift to the girls;
He's with them so much, he ought to wear curls.

F's for Fitzgerald, our own Loretta,
And aims to star in a grand operetta.
F's for Fine, our good-natured Abie,
His weakness is "Hi-Y" and I don't mean maybe!

G is for Garland, an artist is she,
But we hope in the future, taller she'll be.

H is for Hubbard, just an all-round man;
Puts on his shoes in the sun to make them tan.
H is for Humphrey, who flirts?—Oh no, never
Tho' it's strange how admirers flock round her forever.

I's for myself, and of this tale the writer,
Take it kindly and all will be brighter.

J's for the jinx that follows close by
Grins at our failures and helps them mount high.

K is for King, who's chosen a queen,
I'll not mention her name, you know whom I mean.
K is for Kent, who's always called Ruth;
She always can say, "I was plump in my youth."
K's for Kelloway, who in Greenwood resides,
Which means every morning nice trolley rides.
K's for Kelleher, who daily in school,
Knows every lesson, each line and each rule.
Then there's Killoran, so ready for fun,
She's smiling from rising to setting of sun.

And L's for LeBlanc, the man of the hour,
Who has forty excuses to hand Mr. Dower.
L's for P. Lewis, an owl he should be,
He stayed up all night to end a diary.
Next we have Lamprey, a wonderful miss,
She's just sixteen, oh, what bliss!

M is for Mildram—from Greenwood she hails;
But we all know it's done just for Estelle.
M is for Mildram—from Greenwood she hails;
She generally walks up the B. & M. rails.
There's McGonagle, who ne'er had the blues,
For her picture was shown in the town's daily news.

N is for Nason, an adorable chap,
In chemistry, though, he must have his nap.

O is for Oicles, a model in school,
Who never would think of breaking a rule.

P is for Pratt—a rose he doth wear,
And always possesses a charm for the fair.
P's for Peterson, but we call him Pete,
He's calm, reserved, with shoes full of feet.

Q is for questions that we're asked in class,
So to make smarter each lad and each lass.

R is for Russ, our good-natured Dot,
Whose aim is to star on a Hollywood lot.
R's also for Reed, altho' she is small,
Can keep the mob moving down through the hall.

S is for Spero, so thoughtful and kind;
The thing she loves best is her Steinway you'll find.
T is for Tighe, so learned and refined,
She will be a teacher for which she's designed.
T is for E. Thrush, so slight and petite,
Whose nature's as kind as her face, too, is sweet.
And T's for Thompson—we call her Barb;
She walks about with signs on her garb.

U is for all of Us, class '29,
Upright, learned, ambitious, and fine.

V's for the Visits to the office we've made,
To account for the rules that we've disobeyed.
W is for Wilkinson, lord of us all,
Sooner or later he's doomed for a fall.
And next we have Walsh, our class president,
A more popular boy never was sent.
W is for Winkler, quiet and shy;
But when he starts writing—oh, my!

Y's for the yells at the games we should go,
X for exams to see what we'd know,
And Z for the Zest we ever did show.

John Mahoney, '29

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

Our Senior president dug up a bottle of Slickum?
Eleanor Humphrey found another Kenneth?
Muzzy Fisher bought a straight comb?
Rodney King forgot to wait forty times a day for Maybelle Nute?
Ruthie Mills lifted her feet when she walked?
Gladys Woodbury forgot to dash into the Library some morning?
Ball said, "Get over to the left!", instead of "Get over to the right!"?
Agnes Halloran became her idol, Clara Bow?
The school car didn't wait for Marion Jazz?
Cupid Cadigan met Helena's boy friend from Malden?
Dot Whiteman and Nat Rowe lost their big drag in the office?
Mr. Cassano really discovered the shore wasn't near the ocean?
Marion White bleached her hair?
Betty O'Connor wasn't getting into everything?
Ben Drinkwater went one day without conversing with a Cop?
Margie Reed found out Law was only a gardener?
Dub Fairbanks became a dealer in Fords?
Half the school didn't work on the lunch counter?
There wasn't any High School Debater?

Wadsworth Allyn, '29

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SCHOOL YEAR

Sept. 5—Back again. Twelve Freshmen reported lost but are found in the boiler room.
12—Russell begins passing away his time in Room 309.
13—Robinson has renewed old acquaintances.
20—Mr. Fisher finds his stride, and the Seniors begin to wish he taught sewing.

Oct. 1—Football season starts. Coach Healey calls out the candidates. Winkler is sent to the lockers for a football, but he doesn't know what size to get.
10—MacDonald is back at school again. He had a cold but when he got better, he found he had two boxes of cough drops left over, so he went out and got his feet wet again.
25—The Senior Party. To the girls it was just like going on a long hike; to the audience it was just a style show.

Nov. 4—Miss Armstrong invents the quickest method of getting a book out of the library—area x alt. = vol.
13—Social season in full swing. Benny Pinto calls for volunteers for his orchestra. They've decided to hold rehearsals in the factory field; Benny's neighbors are too good shots.

Dec. 5—Ball takes his first trip down to the lake. If the ice was as strong as he said, he went skating; if not, he went swimming.
14—The girls begin to be sweeter to their boy friends as they eye the approaching Christmas.
24—Beginning of Christmas vacation. Cadigan buys a bountiful supply of mistletoe.

Jan. 8—Irene begins to take driving lessons; she's pretty good at the Connors.
16—Russell's 14th hasty exit from Room 313.

Feb. 7—Mr. Dower threatened the lives of those two Freshmen.

Mar. 3—Basketball draws to a close. Many a team discovered they were up against a hard Berg.
18—Candidates for baseball called out. MacDonald told Estelle that Lewis would be their best man before the season ended. Estelle said, "This is so sudden."

Apr. 4—First baseball casualty in practice. Dulong got hit on the head by a high fly and now he's got fallen arches.

12-13—Masque Club plays wonderfully presented. The leading characters were so good, we wouldn't be surprised to see them all start for Hollywood. Milton Nutt had a leading part—he led a mob on the stage.

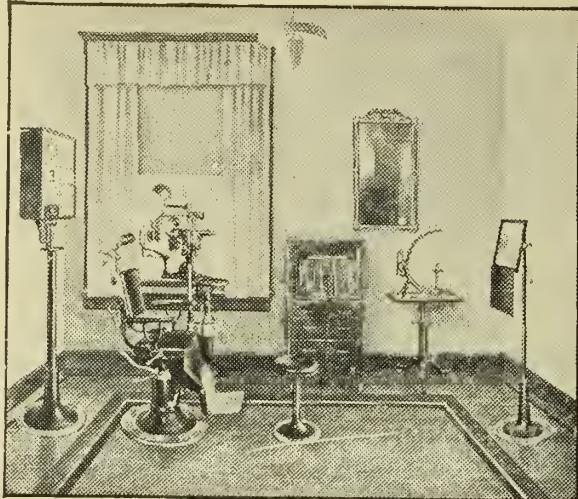
18—Girls' Gym Exhibition. Miss Bent must be a good cook—she could turn all those girls into pretzels.

May 3—Beautiful day. Duggan took an excursion cruise down the bay.
15—Winifred thinks she should have entered the Girls' Debating Club. She would have always come out Tighe.
29—W. H. S. Officers' Party. A wonderful affair and well uniformed. After the party, Davis announced that he was going fishing down to Gloucester. Think he will get her?

June 15—Field Day. The blare of trumpets, the tramp of feet, and Bonney's Drug Store.
17—The cause of several seniors leaving for better places.
20—Graduation. The end of school days for the seniors. As they go out in the world, some will get high positions, great careers, and money; but most of them will get married.
21—Reception—when one becomes the president and smiles and shakes hands all night.

John Mahoney, '29





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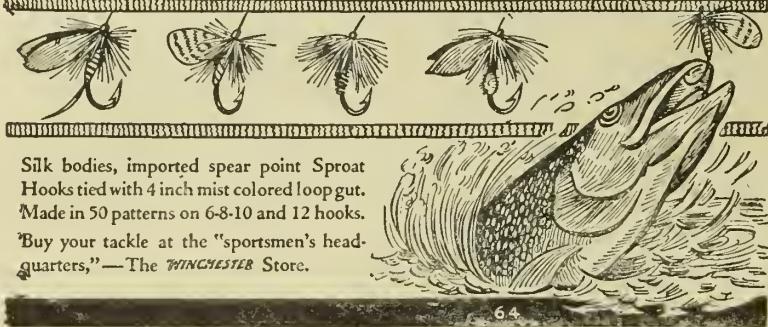
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